

John Pennant's Head Title and
his Son's Title.

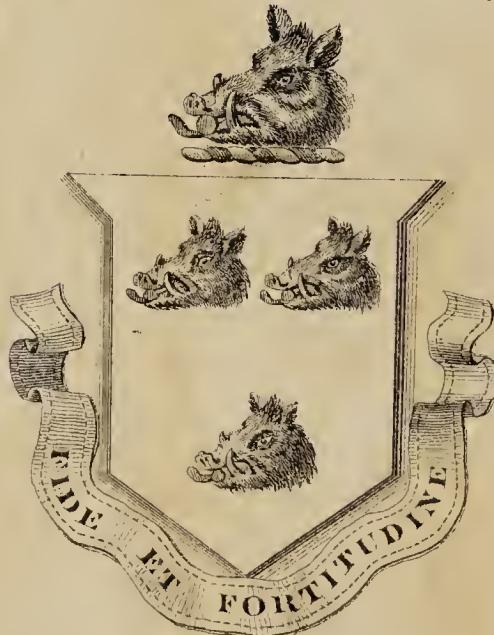
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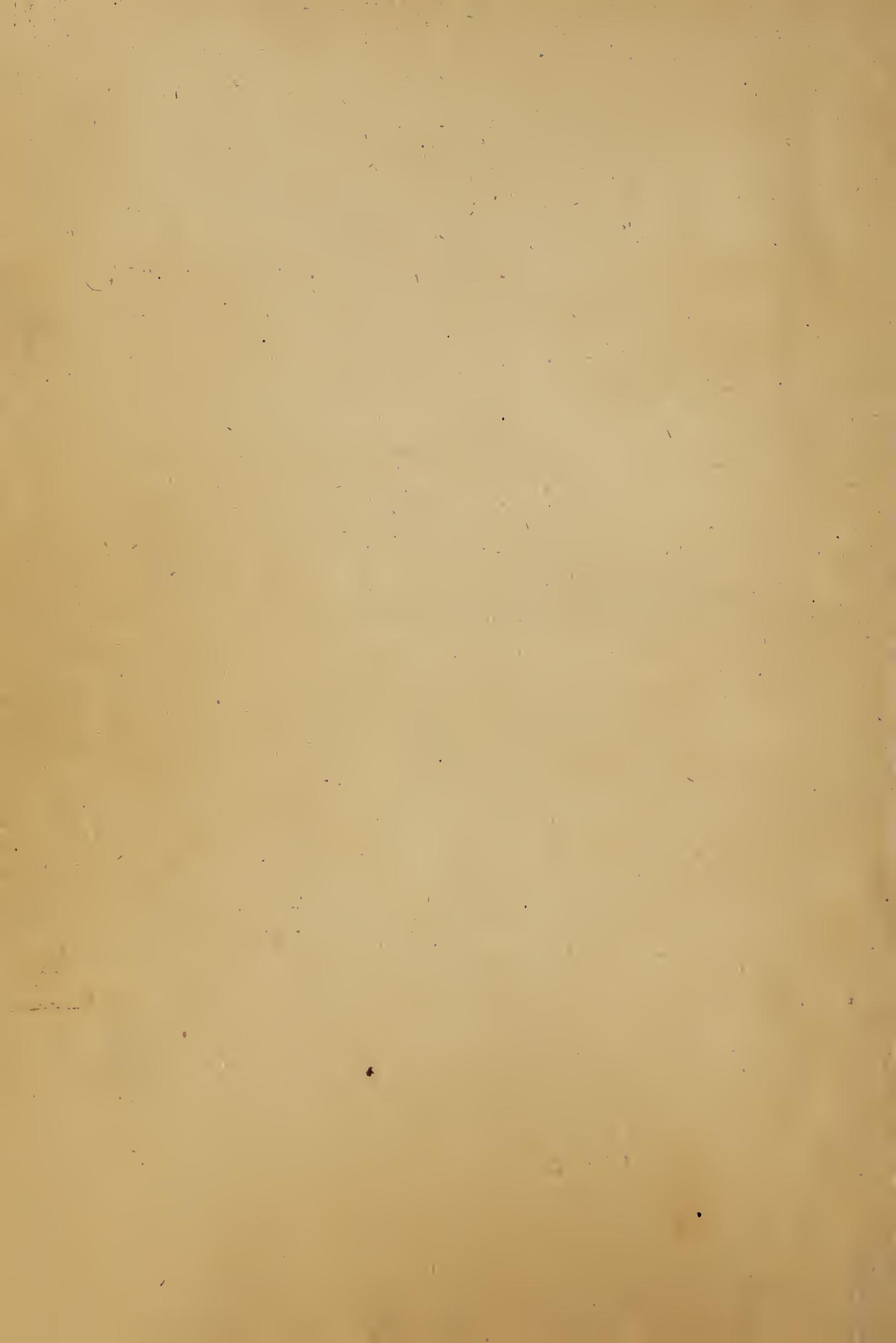


Thomas Pennant, Barton.

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Received, May, 1873.

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Greenes Tu Quoque,

OR,

The Cittie Gallant.

As it hath beeene divers times acted by the Queenes
Majesties Servants.

Written by Jo. COOKE Gent.



Printed at London by M. Flesher.

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May, 1873



To the Reader.

To gratulate the love and memory of my worthy friend the Author, and my entirely beloved Fellow, the Actor, I could not choose being in the way just when this Play was to be published in Print, but to perfixe some token of my affection to either in the frontispiece of the Booke. For the Gentleman that wrote it, his Poem it selfe can better speake his praisē, then any Oratory from me. Nor can I tell whether this work was divulged with his consent or no: but howsoever it hath passed the Test of the stage with so general an applause, pitty it were but it should likewise have the honour of the Presse. As for Maister Greene, all that I will speake of him (and that without flattery) is this (if I were worthy to censure) there was not an Actor of his nature in his time of better ability in performance of what he undertooke, more applauded by the Audience, of greater grace at the Court, or of more general love in the Citty, and so with this briefe character of his memory, I commit him to his rest.

Thomas Heywood.

Upon the death of Thomas Greene.

Now fast bleake Autumne changeth Floraes dye,
What yesterday was (Greene) now's seare & dry.

W.R.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

A Mercers Shop discovered; Gartred working in it,
Spendall walking by the Shop: M. Ballance walking o-
ver the Stage: after him Longfield and Geraldine.

Francis.

 Hat lacke you sir? faire stuffes, or velvets? *W*
Good Morrow Franke! *W* to see you this day
Fran. Good Morrow master Ballance! *W*
Gerald. Save you master Long-field. *W*
Long. And you sir, what busynesse drawes you to
ward this end o'th towne?

Gerald, Faith no great serious affaires, onely a stirring humour to walke, and partly to see the beauties of the City; but it may be you can instruct me: pray whose shop's this? *John d'ighton*

Long. Why tis Will Rishes fathers; a man that you are well acquainted with. Enter a wench with a basket of linnen.

Long Marry is it sir, in *Canterbury Tales* W. *Wesq;*

Ger. Pray let us walke, I would behold her better.
Wench. Buy some quoifes, handkerchers, or very good bone-lace, Mistris.

Gart. None, sir. I told you I was foolishness I this. Gart.
Wench. Will you buy any handkerchiefs, sir? Gart.

Spend. Yes, have you any fine ones? Wench. To night I will shew you choice; please you looke sir?

Wench. Mistris Tickleman has sent you a Letter, and expects your company at night, and intreats you to send her an angell, whether you can come, or whither you cannot. *He readeas.*

Spend. Sweet Rascall ! if your love bee as earnest as your pro-
A 311. 17. 17. testation,

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testation, you will meete me this night at Supper, you know the randevows, there will be good company, a noise of choice Fidlers, a fine boy with an excellent voice, very good songs and bawdy; and which is more, I doe purpofe my felfe to be exceeding merry: but if you come not, I shall powt my felfe sicke, and not eate one bit to night.

Your continuall close friend,
Nan Tickle-man.

I pray send me an angell by this bearer, whe-

ther ye can come, or whether ye can not. soe you will.

What's the price of these two? one a boord, the other

Wench. Hafte a crowne in truth, and be good.

Spend. Hold thee, there's an angell, and commend me to my de-light, tell her I will not faile her, though I lose my freedome by't.

Exit wench.

Wench. I thanke you sir, buy any fine handkerchers?

Long. You are taken sir extremely, what's the object?

Gerald Shee's wonderous faire.

Long. Nay, and your thoughts be on wenching Ile leave you.

Gerald. You shall not be so unfriendly, pray assist me; Wee'l to the shop and cheapen stuffes or fattins.

Spend. What lacke you Gentlemen? fine stuffes, velvets, or fatti-

ns? pray come neare.

Ger. Let me see a good fattin.

Spend. You shall sir, what colour?

Ger. Faith I am indifferent, what colour most affeets you Lady?

Gart. Sir!

Ger. Without offence (faire creature) I demaund it?

Gart. Sir I beleevē it; but I never did

Tie my affection unto any colour.

Ger. But my affection (fairest) is fast tyed

Vnto the crimson colour of your cheeke.

Gart. You relish too much Courtier, sir.

Long. What's the price of this?

Spend. Fifteene indeed sir.

Long.

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Long. You set a high rate on't, is had need be good.

Spend. Good! if you finde a better i'th towne, Ile give you mine for nothing : if you were my owne brother, I'de put it into your hands, looke upon't, 'tis close wrought, and has an excellent glasse.

Long. I, I see't.

Spend. Pray sir come into the next roome; I'le shew you that of a lower price shall (perhaps) better please you.

Long. This fellow has an excellent tongue, sure he was broughte up in the Exchange.

Spend. Will you come in sir?

Long. No, tis no matter, for I meane to buy none.

Gerald. Pre thee walke in, what you bargaine for, Ile discharge.

Long. Say so? fall to your worke, Ile be your chapman.

Ger. Why do you say I flatter?

Exeunt Spend. Long.

Gart. Why? you doe;

And so doe all men when they women wooe.

Ger. Who lookes on heaven, and not admires the worke?

Who viewes a well cut Diamond, does not praise

The beauty of the Stone? if these deserve

The name of Excellent, I lacke a word

For thee which merits more,

More then the tongue of man can attribute.

Gart. This is pretty Poetry, good fiction this: Sir, I must leave you.

Ger. Leave with me first some comfort.

Gart. What would you crave?

Gerald. That which I feare you will not let me have.

Gart. You doe not know my bounty; Say what 'tis,

Ger. No more (faire creature) then a modest kisse.

Gart. If I should give you one, would you refraine, on that conditjon, ne'r to beg againe.

Ger. I dare not grant to that.

Gart. Then't seemes you have,

Though you get nothing, a delight to crave,

One will not hurt my lip, which you may take,

Not for your love but for your absence sake. So farewell sir.

Ger. O fare thee well (faire regent of my soule)

Never let ill sit neare thee, unlesse it come

Greenes Tu Quoque.

To purge it selfe, be as thou ever seemest
An Angell of thy Sex, borne to make happy
The man that shall possesse thee for his Bride. Enter Spendall
and Long-field.

Spēn. Will you have it for thirteeene shillings and six pence? Ile fal
to as low a price as I can, because Ile buy your custome.

Long. How now man! what! intranced?

Ger. Good sir, ha you done?

Long. Yes faith, I thinke as much as you, and tis just nothing:
where's the wench?

Gerald. Shee's heere sir, heere.

Long. Vds pitty! unbutton man, thou'l stifle her else.

Ger. Nay good sir, will you goe?

Long. With all my heart, I stay but for you.

Spend. Doe you heare sir?

Long. What say you?

Spend. Will you take it for thirteeene?

Long. Not a penny more then I bid. Ex. Ger. & Long.

Spend. Why then say you might have had a good bargaine;
Where's this boy to make up the wares? heere's some tenne peeces
opened, and all to no purpose. Enter Boy.

Boy. O Franke! shut up shop, shut up shop.

Spend. Shut up shop, boy, why?

Boy. My Master is come from the Court knighted, and bid us,
for he sayes he wil have the first yeare of the reigne of his Knight-
hood kept holyday; here he comes. Enter sir Lyonell.

Spend. God give your worship joy, sir.

Sir Lyon. O Francke! I have the worship now in the right kind,
the sword of Knighthood sticks still upon my shoulders and I feele
the blow in my purse, it has cut two leather bagges asunder; but all's
one, honour must be purchac'd: I wil give ouer my Cityt coate, and
betake my selfe to the Court Jacket; as for trade, I will deale in't no
longer, I will seate thee in my shop, and it shall be thy care to aske
men what they lacke, my stocke shall be summed up, and I will call
thee to an account for it.

Spend. My service sir, never deserv'd so much,
Nor could I ever hope so large a bountie
Could spring out of your love.

Sir Lyon. That's all one;

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I do love to do things beyond mens hopes,
To morrow I remoove into the Strand,
There for this quarter dwell, the next at Fulham :
He that hath choice, may shift, the whilst shalt thou
Be maister of this house, and rent it free.

Spend. I thanke you sir.

Sir Lion. To day Ile go dine with my Lord Maior : to morrow with the Sherifes, and next day with the Aldermen, I will spread the Ensigne of my knighthood over the face of the City, which shal strike as great a terroure to my enemies, as ever Tamberlaine to the Turkes:
Come Franke, come in with me, and see the meate,
Vpon the which my knighthood first shall eate.

Enter Staines.

Staines. There is a divell has haunted me these three yeares, in likenesse of an Usurer, a fellow that in all his life never eat three groat loaves out of his owne purse, nor never warmed him but at other mens fires, never saw a joynt of mutton in his owne house these fourre and twenty yeares, but alwayes cosoned the poore prisoners, for he alwaies bought his victualls out of the almes-basket, and yet this rogue now feedes upon capons which my tenants sent him out of the Countrey; he is Landlord forsooth over all my possessions : well, I am spent, and this rogue has consumed me; I dare not walke abroade to see my friends, for feare the Serjeants should take acquaintance of me: my refuge is *Ireland*, or *Virginia*; necessarie cries out, and I will presently to *Westchester*.

Enter Bubble.
How now! *Bubble* hast thou pack'd up all thy things? our parting time is come: nay pre thee doe not weepe.

Bub. Affection sir will burst out.

Staines. Thou hast beeene a faithfull servant to me, goe to thy uncle, hee'l give thee entertainment, tell him upon the stony rocke of his mercilesse heart my fortunes suffer shipwracke.

Bub. I will tell him he is an usuring rascall, and one that would do the Common-wealth good if he were hanged.

Staines. Which thou haft cause to wish for, thou art his heire, my affectionate *Bubble*.

Bub. But Master wherefore should we be parted?

Staines. Because my fortunes are desperate, thine are hopefull.

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Bub. Why but whither doe you meane to go Maister?

Staines. Why to Sea.

Bub. To sea! Lord blesse us, me thinks I heare of a tempest already, but what will you doe at sea?

Staines. Why as other Gallants doe that are spent, turne pyrate.

Bub. O Maister! have the grace of Wapping before your eyes, remember a high tide, give not your friends cause to wet their handkerchers: nay Maister, Ile tell you a better course then so, you and I will goe and robbe mine uncle; if we scape, wee'lle dominere together, if wee bee taken wee'lle be hanged together at Tyburne, that's the warmer gallowes of the two.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. By your leave sir, whereabouts dwels one M. Bubble?

Bub. Doe you heare, my friend, do you know M. Bubble if you doe see him?

Mes. No in truth doe I not.

Bub. What is your businesse with Maister Bubble?

Mes. Marry sir I come with welcome newes to him.

Bub. Tell it, my friend, I am the man.

Mes. May I be assured sir, that your name is master Bubble?

Bub. I tell thee, honest friend, my name is master Bubble, Master Bartholomew Bubble.

Mes. Why then sir, you are heyre to a million, for your uncle the rich usurer is dead.

Bub. Pray thee honest friend, go to the next Haberdashers, & bid him send me a new melancholy hat, & take thou that for thy labour.

Mes. I will sir. Exit

Enter another Messenger hastily, and knockes.

Bub. Vmh, umh, umh.

Sta. I would the newes were true; see how my little Bubble is blowne up with't!

Bub. Do you heare, my friend, for what doe you knocke there?

2 Mes. Marry sir, I would speake with the worshipfull Master Bubble.

Bub. The worshipfull! and what wouldest you do with the worshipfull Master Bubble? I am the man.

2 Mes. I cry your worship mercy then, Master Thong the Beltmaker sent me to your worship, to give you notice, that your uncle

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is dead, and that you are his onely heire. *They say h. Exi*

Bub. Thy newes is good, and I have look'd for't long,
Thankes unto thee, my friend, and goodman Thong.

Enter Maister Blancke.

Staines. Certainly, this newes is true: for see another, by this light
his Scrivener! now M. *Blancke*, whither away so fast?

Bla. Maister *Staines*, God save you, where is your man?

Staines. Why looke you sir, doe you not see him?

Bla. God save the right worshipfull master *Bubble*; I bring you
heavy newes with a light heart.

Bub. What are you?

Bla. I am your worships poore Scrivener.

Bub. He is an honest man it seems, for he has both his ~~earnes~~.

Bla. I am one that your worships uncle committed some trust in
for the putting out of his money, and I hope I shal have the putting
out of yours.

Bub. The putting out of mine! would you have the putting out
of money?

Bla. Yea sir.

Bub. No sir, I am old enough to put out my owne money.

Bla. I have writings of your worships.

Sta. As [thou lov'st thy profit, hold thy tongue, thou and I will
conferre.

Bub. Do you heare, my friend, can you tell me when, and how
my uncle dyed?

Bla. Yes sir, he dyed this morning, and he was kil'd by a Butcher.

Bub. How! by a Butcher?

Bla. Yes indeed sir, for going this morning into the Market, to
cheapen meate, hee fell downe stark dead, because a Butcher ask'd
him four shillings for a shoulder of Mutton.

Bu. How stark dead? and could not *aqua vita* fetch him again?

Bla. No sir, nor *Rosa solis* neither, and yet there was triall made
of both.

Bu. I shall love *aqua vita* and *rosa solis* the better while I live.

Sta. Will it please your worship to accept of my poore service,
you know my case is desperate, I beseech you that I may feed up-
on your bread, tho it be of the brownest, and drinke of your drinck
tho it be of the smallest, for I am humble in body, and dejected in

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minde, and will doe your worship as good service for forty shillings a yeaire, as another shall for 3. pounds.

Bub. I will not stand with you for such a matter, because you have been my master, but otherwise, I wil entertaine no man without somē Knights or Ladies Letter for their behaviour; *Gervase.* I take it is your christen name.

Sta. Yes if it please your worship.

Bub. Well *Gervase*, be a good servant, and you shall finde me a dutifull master. And because you have beene a Gentleman, I will entertaine you for my Tutor in behaviour; Conduct me to my pallace.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Geraldine as in his study reading.

Ger. As little children love to play with fire,
And will not leave till they themselfes doe burne,
So did I fondly dally with Desire;
Vntill Loves flames grew hot, I could not turne,
Nor well avoyde; but sigh and sob, and mourne
As children doe when as they feele the paine,
Till tender mothers kisse them whole againe.
Fie, what unsavery stuppe is this? but shee,
Whose mature judgement can distinguishe things,
Will thus conceit; tales that are harshest told,
Have smoothest meanings, and to speake are bold:
It is the first-borne Sonet of my Braine,
We suck'd a white leafe from my blacke-lipp'd pen,
So sad employmēt, *Enter Wil-Rash and Longfield.*
Yet the dry paper drinkes it up as deep,
As if it flowed from Petrarkes cunning Quill.

Rash. How now what have we heere, a Sonet and a Satire coup-
led together like my Ladies Dogge and her Munkie; *As little chil-
dren &c.*

Ger. Pre thee away, by the deepest oath that can be sworne thou-
shalt not reade it, by our friendship I conjure thee, pre thee let goe.

Rash. Now in the name of *Cupid*, what want'ſt thou, a pigeon, a
dove, a mate, a turtle, dost love ſoule, ha?
O no, ſhee's fairer thrice then is the Queene,
Whom beauteous *Venus* called is by name, pre thee let mee know
what ſhe is thou lovest, that I may ſhunne her, if I ſhould chance
to meeete her.

Long.

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Long. Why Ile tell you sir what she is, if you doe not know,
Rash. No not I, I protest. Long. Why t'is your sister.

Rash. How! my sister? Long. Yes, your eldest sister.

Rash. Now God blesse the man, he had better chuse a wench that has beene borne and bred in an alley, her tongue is a perpetuall motion, Thought is not so swift as it is ; and for pride, the woman that had her Ruffe poak'd by the divell, is but a Puritan to her , thou could' st never have fastned thy affection on a worse subject, shee'l flowt faster then a court-waiting woman in progres, any man that comes in the way of honesty does she set her marke upon , that is, a villainous Jeast; for she is a kinde of Poetes, and will make Ballads upon the calves of your legges : I pre thee let her alone, shee'l never make a good wife for any man unlesse it be a Leather dresser ; for perhaps he, in time, may turne her.

Ger. Thou hast a Priviledge to utter this,
But by my life my owne bloud could not scape
A chastricement for thus prophaning her,
Whose vertues sits above mens calumnies,
Had mine owne brother spoke thus liberally,
My fury should have taught him better manners.

Long. No more words as you feare a challenge.

Rash. I may tell thee in thine eare, I am glad to heare what I do; I pray God send her no worse husband, nor he no worse wife : do you heare love, will you take your Cloak and Rapier, and walke abroad into some wholesome aire? I doe much feare thy infection, good counsell I fee will do no good on thee, but pursue the end, and to thy thoughts, Ile prove a faithfull friend. Exit.

Enter Spendall, Nan Tickleman, Sweatman,
Purset, and a Drawer.

Spend. Heer's a spacious roome to walke in, sirra set downe the candle, and fetch us up a quart of Ipocras, and so wee'l part.

Sweat. Nay faith Sonne, wee'l have a pottle, let's nere be covetous in our young dayes.

Spend. A pottle sirra, doe you heare?

Draw. Yes sir, you shall.

Spend. How now Wench! how dost?

Tickle. Faith I am somewhat sicke, yet I should be well enough if I had a new gowne.

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Spend. Why heer's my hand, within these three dayes thou shalt have one.

Sweat. And will you (sonne) rememb're me for a new forepart, by my troth, my old one is worne so bare, I am ashame'd any body should see't.

Spend. Why, did I ever faile of my promise?

Sweat. No in sinceritie didst thou not *Enter Drawer.*

Draw. Heer's a cup of rich Ipocras.

Spend. Here sister, mother, and master Pursnet; nay good sir, be not so dejected, for by this Wine, to morrow I will send you stiffe for a new suite, and as much as shall line you a cloake cleane through.

Purs. I thanke you, and shall study to deserve.

Spend. Here boy, fill, and hang that curmogin that's good for nobody but himselfe.

Purs. Heroickly spoken by this Candle, 'tis pity thou wert not made a Lord.

Spend. A Lord! by this Light I doe not thinke but to bee Lord Major of London before I die, and have three Pageants carried before me, besides a Shippe and an Vnicorne; prentices may pray for that time, for whensoever it happens, I will make another Shrove-tuesday for them. *Enter Drawer.*

Dra. Young Master *Rash* has sent you a quart of Maligoe.

Spend. M. *Rash*! zownds how does he know I am here?

Dra. Nay, I know not sir.

Spend. Know not! it comes through you and your rascally glib-tongu'd companions, 'tis my Masters sonne, a fine Gentleman he is, and a boon companion, I must goe see him. *Exit Spend.*

Sweat. Boy, fill us a cup of your maligo, we'll drink to M. *Spendall* in his absence, there's not a finer spirit of a Cittizen within the walls, here Master *Pursnet* you shall pledge him.

Purs. Ile not refuse it were it puddle: by *Stix* he is a bountifull Gentleman, and I shall report him so: heere M. *Tickleman*, shall I charge you.

Tickle. Doe your worst Sergeant, Ile pledge my young *Spendall* a whole sea, as they say, fa la la la la, wold the Musick were here againe, I doe beginne to be wanton, Ipocras serra, and a drie bisket; here bawd, a carowfe.

Sweat.

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Sweat. Bawd! I faith you begin to grow light ith head, I pray no more such words, for if you doe, I shall grow into distempers.

Tickle. Distempers! hang your distempers, be angry with me and thou dar'st, I pray, who feeds you, but I? who keepes thy feather-beddes from the Brokers, but I? tis not your sawsege face, thicke clowted creame rampallion at home, that snuffles in the nose like a decayed Bagge-pipe.

Purs. Nay sweete Mistris *Tickle-man*, be concordant, reverence Antiquitie.

Enter Rash, Longfield, and Spendall.

Rash. Save you, sweete creatures of beauty, save you: How now old *Belzebub*, how dost thou?

Sweat. *Belzebub!* *Belzebub* in thy face!

Spend. Nay, good words Mistris *Sweatman*, hee's a young Gallant, you must not weigh what he sayes.

Rash. I would my lamentable complayning Lover had beene heere, heere had been a Supersedeas for his melancholy, and yfaith *Franck* I am glad my father has turn'd over his shop to thee, I hope I, or any friend of mine, shall have so much credit with thee, as to stand in thy booke for a suite of Sattin.

Spend. For a whole piece if you please, any friend of yours shall command me to the last remnant.

Rash. Why God a mercy *Franck*, what, shall's to dice?

Spend. Dice or drinke, heere's forty crownes, as long as that will last, any thing.

Rash. Why there spoke a gingling Boy.

Spend. A pox of money, t's but rubbish, and he that hoords it up, is but a Scavenger: if there bee cardes ith house, let's goe to *Primero*.

Rash. *Primero!* why I thought thou hadst not been so much gamster as to play at it.

Spend. Gamster (to say truth) I am none, but what is it I will not bee in good company? I will fit my selfe to all humors, I will game with a Gamester, drinke with a drunkard, be civill with a Cittizen, fight with a swaggerer, and drabbe with a whoore-master.

Enter a Swaggerer puffing.

Rash. An excellent humour yfaith.

Long

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Long. Zownds what have we heere?

Spend. A land Porpoise, I thinke,

Rash. This is no angry, nor no roaring boy, but a blustering boy ;
now Eolus defend us, what pusses are these ?

Swag. I doe smell a whoore.

Dra. O Gentlemen, give him good words, hee's one of the roaring boyes.

Swag. Rogue.

Dra. Heere sir.

Swag. Take my cloake, I must unbuckle, my pickled oysters
worke ; piffe, piffe.

Spend. Piffe, piffe.

Swag. Dost thou retort, in opposition stand ?

Spend. Our you swaggering Rogue, Zownds Ile kicke him out
of the roome. Beates him away.

Tickle. Out alas ! their naked tooles are out,

Spend. Feare not (sweet heart;) come along with me.

Enter Gartred sola. Exeunt omnes.

Gart. Thrice happy dayes they were, and too soone gone,
When as the heart was coupled with the tongue,
And no deceifull flattery or guile

Hung on the Lovers teare commixed smile :

Could women learne but that imperiousnesse,

By whch men use to stint our happiness,

When they have purchast us for to be theirs,

By customarie fighes and forced teares,

To give us bittes of kindnesse lest we faint,

But no abundance, that we ever want,

And still are begging; which too well they know

Endeeres affection, and doth make it grow :

Had we these sleights, how happy were we then,

That we might glory over love-sicke men ?

But Arts we know not, nor have any skill,

To faine a sowre lookē to a pleasing will;

Enter Joyce.

Nor cowch a secret love in shew of hate :

But if we like, must be compassionate ;

Yet I will strive to bridle and conceale,

The hid affection which my heart doth feele.

Joyce

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Joyce. Now the boy with the Bird-bolt be praisde : nay faith sister forward, t'was an excellent passion, come let's heare, what is he? if he be a proper man, & have a blacke eye, a smooth chinne, and a curled pate, take him wench, if my father will not consent, run away with him, I'le help to convey you.

Gart. You talke strangely sister.

Joyce. Sister, sister, dissemble not with me, though you doe meane to dissemble with your lover, though you have protested to conceale your affection ; by this tongue you shall not, for I'le discover all as soone as I know the Gentleman.

Gart. Discover, what will you discover ?

Joyce. Mary, enough Ile warrant thee, first and formost, Ile tell him thou readst love-passions in print, and speakest everie morning without booke to thy looking-glass; next, that thou never sleep'st, till an houre after the Bell-man ; that as soone as thou art asleepe, thou art in a dreame, and in a dreame thou art the kindest and comfortablest bed-fellow for kissings and embracings ; by this hand, I cannot rest for thee, but our father —

Enter sir Lyonell.

Lyonell. How now ! what are you two consulting on, on husbands ? you thinke you lose time I am sure, but holde your owne a little Girles, it shall not be long ere I'le provide for you : and for you *Gartred*, I have bethought my selfe already, Whirle-pit the usurer is late deceast, A man of unknowne wealth, which he has lefft Vnto a provident kinsman as I heare, That was once servant to that unthrift *Staines*. A prudent Gentleman they say he is, And (as I take it) called master *Bubble*.

Joyce. *Bubble* !

Lyonell. Yes nimble-chappes what say you to that ?

Joyce. Nothing but that I wish his Christen name were *Water*.

Gart. Sir, I'm at your disposing, but my minde Stands not a^t yet towards marriage, Were you so please I would a little longer Enjoy the quiet of a single bed.

Lyonell. Heere's the right tricke of them all, let a man Be motion'd to um, they could be content

Greenes Tu Quoque.

To leade a single life forsooth, when the harlotries
Doe pine and runne into diseases,
Eate chalke and oate-meale, cry and creep in corners,
Which are manifest tokens of their longings,
And yet they will dissemble. But *Gartred*,
As you doe owe me reverence, and will pay it,
Prepare your selfe to like this Gentleman,
Who can maintaine thee in thy choyce of Gownes,
Of tyres, of servants, and of costly Jewells ;
Nay for a neede, out of his easie nature,
Mai'st draw him to the keeping of a Coach
For Country, and Carroch for *London*,
Indeed what mightst thou not?

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir, heere's one come from Master *Bubble*, to invite you
to the funerall of his uncle.

Lyonell. Thanke the Messenger, and make him drinke,
Tell him I will not faile to wait the coarfe,
Yet stay, I will goe talke with hym my selfe :
Gartred, thinke upon what I have tolde you,
And let me er't be long receive your answere.

Exeunt Lyonell & Ser.

Joyce. Sister, sister.

Gart. What say you sister?

Joyce. Shall i provide a Cord?

Gart. A Cord! what to doe?

Joyce. Why to let thee out at the window; doe not I know that
thou wilt run away with the Gentleman, for whom you made the
passion, rather then indure this same *Bubble*, that my father talkes
of, t'were good you would let me be of your councell, lest I breake
the necke of your plot.

Gart. Sister, know I love thee,
And I'le not think a thought thou shalt not know ;
I love a Gentleman that answers me,
In all the rights of love as faithfully,
Has woo'd me oft with Sonets, and with teares,
Yet I seeme still to slight him. Experience tells,
The Jewell that's enjoy'd is not esteem'd,

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Things hardly got, are alwaies highest deem'd.

Joyce. You say wel sister, but it is not good to linger out too long, continuance of time will take away any mans stomack i'th world; I hope the next time that he comes to you, I shall see him.

Gart. You shall.

Joyce Why goe to then, you shall have my opinion of him, if he deserve thee, thou shalt delay him no longer; for if you cannot find in your heart to tell him you love him, I'le sigh it out for you; come, we little creatures must help one another.

Exeunt.

Geraldine.

Ger. How cheerefully things looke in this place, Tis always spring-time heere; such is the grace And potencie of her who has the blisse, To make it still *Elizium* where she is: Nor doth the King of flames in's golden fires, After a tempest answer mens desires, When as he casts his comfortable beames Over the flowrie fields and silver streames, As her illustrate Beautie strikes in me, And wrappes my soule up to felicite.

Enter Gartred and Joyce aloft.

Joyce. Doe you heare sir?

Gart. Why sister, what will you doe?

Joyce. By my mayden-head, an oath which I ne'r tooke in vaine either goe downe and comfort him, or I'le call him up and disclose all: What, will you have no mercy? but let a proper man, that might spend the spirit of his youth upon your self, fal into a consumption, for shame sister.

Gart. Y'are the strangest creature; what would you have me do?

Joy. Marry, I would have you goe to him, take him by the hand, and grype him, say y'are welcome, I love you with all my heart, you are the man must doe the feate, and take him about the necke, and kisse upon the bargaine.

Gart. Fie how you talke, 'tis meere immodesty, The common'st strumpet would not doe so much.

Joy. Marry the better, for such as are honest Should still doe what the common strumpet will not: Speake will you doe it?

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Gart. I le lose his company for ever first.

Joyce. Doe you heare sir? heer's a Gentlewoman would speake with you.

Gart. Why sister, pray sister.

Joyce. One that loves you with al her heart, yet is a shamed to confess it.

Gart. Good sister hold your tongue, I will goe downe to him.

Joyce. Do not jest with me, for by this hand Ile eyther get him up, or goe downe my selfe, and reade the whole History of your love to him.

Gart. If youle forbear to call, I will goe downe.

Joyce. Let me see your backe then, and heare you? doe not use him scurvily you were best; unset all your tyrannicall looks, and bid him lovingly welcome, or, as I live, I le stretch out my voice againe; uds foot, I must take some paines I see, or wee shall never have this geare cotten: but to say truth, the fault is in my melancholy Monsieur, for if he had but halfe so much spirit, as he has flesh, he might ha boorded her by this. But see, yonder she marches; now a passion of his side of halfe an houre long, his hatte is off already, as if hee were begging one poore penny-worth of kindnesse. *Enter Gart.*

Ger. Shall I presume (faire Mistris) on your hand to lay my unworthy lip?

Joyce. Fie upon him, I am a shamed to heare him, you shall have a Country fellow at a Maie-pole, goe better to his worke: he had need to be constant, for he is able to spoile as many Maids as he shall fall in love withall.

Gart. Sir, you professe love unto me, let me intreate you it may appeare but in some small request.

Ger. Let me know it (Lady) and I shall soone effect it.

Gart. But for this present to forbear this place,
Because my father is expected heere.

Ger. I am gone Lady.

Joyce. Doe you heare sir?

Ger. Did you call?

Joyce. Looke up to the window.

Ger. What say you Gentlewoman?

Gart. Nay pray sir goe, it is my sister call's to hasten you.

Joyce. I call to speake with you, pray stay a little.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Ger. The Gentlewoman has something to say to me.

Gart. She has nothing, I doe conjure you, as you love me, stay not.

Exit Joyce.

Ger. The power of Magick can not fasten me, I am gone.

Gart. Good sir, looke backe no more, what voyce ere call you, Imagine, going from me, you were comming,

And use the same speed, as you love my safety.

Exit Ger.

Wilde witted sister, I have prevented you,

I will not have my love yet open'd to him,

By how much longer'tis ere it be knowne,

By so much dearer 'twill be when 'tis purchast:

But I must use my strength to stop her journey,

For she will after him: and see, she comes;

Nay sister, you are at furdest.

Enter Joyce.

Joyce. Let me goe you were best, for if you wrastle with me I shall throw you; passion, come backe, foole, lover, turne againe, and kisse your belly full;

For heere she is will stand you, doe your worst:

Will you let me goe?

Gart. Yes, if youle stay.

Joyce. If I stirre a foote, hang me, you shall come together of your selves, and be naught, doe what you will, for if ere I trouble my selfe againe, let me want helpe In such a case when I need.

Gart. Nay but pre thee sister be not angry.

Joyce. I will be angry, uds foot, I cannot indure such foolerie, I, two bashfull fooles that would couple together, and yet ha not the faces.

Gart. Nay pre thee sweete sister.

Joyce. Come, come, let me goe, birds that want the use of reason and speach, can couple together in one day, and yet you that have both, cannot conclude in twenty.

Gart. Why what good would it doe you to tell him?

Joyce. Do not talke to me, for I am deafe to any thing you say, go weepe and crie.

Gart. Nay but sister.

Exeunt ambo.

Enter Staines, and a Drawer with mine.

Sta. Drawer, bid them make haste at home,

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Tell them they are comming from church.

Dra. I will sir.

Exit Drauer.

Sta. That I should live to be a serving-man, a fellow which scalds his mouth with another mans porridge, brings up meat for other mens bellies, and carries away the bones for his owne, changes his cleane trencher for a fowle one, and is glad of it, and yet did I never live so merry a life, when I was my masters master, as now I doe, being man to my man, and I will stand to't for all my former speeches, a serving-man lives a better life then his Master, and thus I proove it; the saying is, The nearer the bone the sweeter the flesh; then must the serving-man needes eate the sweeter flesh, for he always pickes the bones. And againe the Proverbe sayes, The deeper the sweeter: There has the serving-man the vantage againe, for he drinks still in the bottome of the pot, he fil's his belly, and never askes what's to pay? weares broad-cloth, and yet dares walke Watling-street, without any feare of his Draper: and for his colours, they are according to the season, in the summer he is apparrelled (for the most part) like the heavens, in blew, in the winter, like the earth, in freeze.

Enter Bubble, sir Lionell, and Long-field and Sprinckle.

But see, I am prevented in my Encomium,

I could have maintain'd this theame these two houres.

Lyon. Well, God rest his soule, hee's gone, and we must all follow him.

Bub. I, I, hee's gone sir Lionell, hee's gone.

Lyonell. Why tho he be gone, what then? 'tis not you that can fetch him againe, with all your cunning, it must be your comfort, that he died well.

Bub. Truely and so it is, I would to God I had eene another uncle that would die no worse; surely I shall weepe againe, if I should find my handkercher.

Long. How now! what, are these onions?

Bub. I, I, sir Lyonell, they are my onions, I thought to have had them roasted this morning for my cold: Gervase you have not wept to day, pray take your onions, Gentlemen, the remembrance of death is sharpe, therefore there is a banquet within to sweeten your conceits: I pray walke in Gentleme, walke you in, you know I must needs be melancholie, and keepe my Chamber, Gervase, usher them to the banquet.

Sta.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Sta. I shall sir, please you sir Lyonell.

Gentlemen and Gervase goe out.

Lyonell. Well Master Bubble, wee'l goe in and taste of your bountie.

In the meane time, you must be of good cheere.

Bub. If grieve take not away my stomacke,
I will have good cheere I warrant you Sprinckle.

Sprin. Sir.

Bub. Had the women puddings to their dole?

Sprin. Yes sir.

Bub. And how did they take them?

Sprin. Why with their hands, how should they take um?

Bub. O thou Hercules of ignorance ! I meane, how were they satisfied?

Sprin. By my troth sir, but so so, and yet some of them had two.

Bub. O insatiable women ! whom two puddings would not satisfie; but vanish Sprinckle ; bid your fellow Gervase come hither.

Exit Sprinckle.

And off my mourning robes, grieve to the grave,

For I have gold, and therefore will be brave :

In silkes I'le rattle it of every colour,

And when I goe by water scorne a Sculler,

In blacke carnation velvet I will cloake me,

Enter Staines.

And when men bid God save mee, Cry Tu quoque :

Is needfull a Gentleman should speake Latine sometimes, is it not Gervase ?

Sta. O very gracefull sir, your most accomplisht Gentlemen are knowne by it.

Bub. Why then will I make use of that little I have,
Vpon times and occasions, heere Gervase, take this bag,
And runne presently to the Mercers, buy me seven els of horse
flesh colour'd taffata, nine yards of yellow fettin, and eight yards of
orenge tawney velvet; then runne to the Tailers, the Haberdashers,
the Sempsters, the Cutlers, the Perfumers, and to all trades what-
soe'r that belong to the making up of a Gentleman; and amongst the
rest, let not the Barber be forgotten: and looke that he be an excel-
lent fellow, and one that can snacke his fingers with dexteritie.

Sta. I shall fit you sir.

Bub.

Greenes *Tu Quoque*.

Bub. Doe so good *Gervase*, it is time my beard were corrected, for it is growne so sawsie, as it beginnes to play with my nose.

Staines. Your nose sir must indure it: for it is in part the fashion.

Bub. Is it in fashion? why then my nose shall indure it, let it tickle his worst.

Sta. Why now y'are ith right sir, if you will be a true Gallant, you must beare things resolute, as this sir, If you be at an Ordinary, and chance to lose your money at play, you must not fret and fume, teare cards, and fling away dice, as your ignorant gamster, or country-Gentleman dos, but you must put on a calme temperate action, with a kinde of carelesse smile, in contempt of Fortune, as not being able with all her engins, to batter downe one peece of your estate, that your meanes may be thought invincible, never tell your mony, nor what you have wonne, nor what you have lost: if a question be made: your answer must be, what I have lost, I have lost, what I have won, I have won, a close heart & free hand, make a man admired, a testerne or a shilling to a servant that brings you a glasse of beere, bindes his hands to his lipps, you shall have more service of him, then his Master, he will be more humble to you, then a Cheater before a Magistrate.

Bub. *Gervase*, give me thy hand, I thinke thou hast more wit then I that am thy Master, and for this speech only, I do here create thee my steward: I doe long me thinkes to be at an Ordinary, to smile at Fortune, and to be bountifull: *Gervase* about your busyness good *Gervase*, whilst I go and meditate upon a Gentleman-like behaviour, I have an excellent gate already *Gervase*, have I not?

Sta. Hercules himselfe sir, had never a better gate.

Bub. But dispatch *Gervase*, the sattin and the velvet must be thought upon, and the *Tu quoque* must not be forgotten, for whensoever I give Armes, that shall be my Motto. *Exit Bub.*

Sta. What a fortune had I throwne upon me, when I preferred my selfe into this fellowes service! indeed I serve my selfe, and not him, for this Gold here is my owne truly purchased: he has credit, and shall runne ith bookes for't, I'le carry things so cunningly, that he shall not be able to looke into my actions, my morgage I haue already got into my hands: the rent he shall enjoy a while, till his ryot constraine him to sell it, which I will purchase with his owne mony, I must cheat a little, I haue beeene cheated vpon, therfore I hope the

Greenes Tu Quoque.

the world wil a little the better excuse mee, what his uncle craftily got from mee, I will knavishly recover of him, To come by it, I must vary shapes, and my first shift shal be in fassin: *Proteus* propitious be to my disguise, And I shall prosper in my enterprise. Exit.

Enter Spendall, Purse, and a boy with Rackets.

Spend. A Rubber sirra.

Boy. You shall sir.

Spend. And bid thosetwo men you said would speak with me, come in.

Boy. I will sir.

Exit Boy.

Spend. Did I not play this Sett well?

Enter Blanke and another.

Purse. Excellent well by *Phaeton*, by *Erebus*, it went as if it had cut the Line.

Bla. God blesse you sir.

Spend. Master *Blanke*! welcome.

Bla. Here's the Gentlemans man sir has brought the mony.

Ser. Wilt please you tell sir?

Spend. Have you the Bond ready, master *Blanke*?

Bla. Yes sir.

Spend Tis well, *Purse*, help to tell — — — — — 10.11.12.

What time have you given?

Bla. The thirteenth of the next Month.

Spend Tis wel; here's light golde.

Ser. T'wil be the lesse troublesome to carry.

Spend. You say wel sir, how much hast thou tolde?

Purse. In golde and silver here is twenty pounds.

Bla. Tis right M. *Spendall*, I'le warrant you.

Spend. I'le take your warrant sir, and tell no further, come let me see the Condition of this Obligation.

Purse. A man may winne from him that cares not for't, This royal *Cæsar* doth regard no Cash, Has throwne away as much in Duckes and Drakes, As would have bought some 50000. Capons.

Spend. Tis very well; so, lend me your penne.

Purse. This is the Captaine of brave Citizens, The *Agamemnon* of all merry Greekes,

Greenes Tu Quoque.

A Stukely or a Sherley for his spirit,
Bounty and Royalty to men at armes.

Bla. You give this as your deed.

Spend. Mary do I sir.

Bla. Pleaseth this Gentleman to be a witnesse.

Spend. Yes mary shall he, *Pursenet*, your hand.

Purs. My hand is at thy service, Noble *Brutus*.

Spend. There's for your kindnesse master *Blanke*.

Bla. I thanke you sir.

Spend. For your paines.

Ser. I'le take my leave of you.

Spend. What, must you be gone too, Maister *Blanke*?

Bla. Yes indeed sir, I must to the Exchange.

Spend. Farewell to both. *Pursenet*,

Take that twenty pounds, and give it mistris *Sweatman*?

Bid her pay her Landlord and Apothecarie,

And let her Butcher and her Baker stay,

They're honest men, and I'le take order with them.

Purs. The Butcher and the Baker then shall stay.

Spend. They must till I am somewhat stronger purst.

Purs. If this be all, I have my errand perfect. Exit. Purs.

Spend. Here sirra, here's for balls, there's for your selfe.

Boy. I thanke your worship.

Spend. Commend me to your mistris.

Boy. I will sir; in good faith 'tis the liberall'st Gentleman that comes into our Court, why he cares no more for a shilling then I do for a box o'th eare, God blesse him. Exit.

Enter *Staines gallant*, *Long-field* and a *Servant*.

Sta. Sirra, what a clocke i'st?

Ser. Past tenne sir.

Sta. Here will not be a Gallant seene this houre.

Ser. within this quarter sir, and lesse, they meeete here as soone as at any Ordinary i'th towne.

Sta. Hast any Tobacco?

Ser. Yes sir. Sta. Fill.

Long. Why thou report'st miracles, things not to be beleaved: I protest to thee, had'st thou not unrip't thy selfe to me, I should never have knowne thee,

Sta.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Sta. I tel you true sir, I was so farre gone, that desperation knock-
ed at mine elbow, and whispered newes to mee out of Barbarie.

Long. Well, I'm glad so good an occasion staid thee at home,
And mai'st thou prosper in thy project, and goe on
With best successe of thy invention.

Sta. False dice say Amen, for that's my induction,
I do meane to cheat to day without respect of persons :
When sawest thou *Will Rash* ?

Long. This morning at his Chamber, heele be here.

Sta. Why then do thou give him my name and character, for my
aime is wholy at my worshipfull Master.

Long. Nay thou shalt take another in to him, one that laughs oue
his life in this Ordinary, thankes any man that winnes his money ;
all the while his money is loosing, he sweares by the crosse of this
silver, and when it is gone, hee changeth it to the hilts of his sword.

Enter Scatter-good and Ninnie-hammer.

Sta. Hee'le be an excellent coach-horse for my captaine.

Scat. Save you Gallants, save you.

Long. How thinke ye now? have I not carv'd him out to you?

Sta. Th'ast lighted me into his heart, I see him throughly.

Scat. Ninni-hammer. *Nin.* Sir.

Scat. Take my cloake and rapier also : I thinke it be carly
Gentlemen, what time doe you take it to be ?

Sta. Inclining to eleven sir.

Scat. Inclining ! a good word ; I would it were inclining to
twelve, for by my stomacke it should be high Noone : but what
shal we do Gallants ? shall we to cards, till our Company come ?

Long. Please you sir.

Scat. Harry fetch some Cards, me thinkes 'tis an unseemely sight
to see Gentlemen stand idle : please you to impart your smoake.

Long. Very willingly sir.

Scat. In good faith a pipe of excellent vapour.

Long. The best the house yeeldes.

Scat. Had you it in this house ? I had thought it had beene your
own : 'tis not so good now as I tooke it to be : Come Gentlemen,
what's your game ?

Sta. Why Gleeke that's your onely game.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Scat. Gleeke let it be, for I am perswaded I shall gleeke some of you; cut sir.

Long. What play we, twelve pence gleeke?

Scat. Twelve pence? a crowne; iuds foot I wil not spoile my memory for twelve pence.

Long. With all my heart.

Sta. Honnor.

Scat. What ist, Harts?

Sta. The King, what say you?

Long. You must speake sir.

Scat. Why I bid thirteene.

Sta. Foureteene.

Scat. Fifteene.

Sta. Sixteene.

Long. Sixteene, seventeene.

Sta. You shal ha't for me.

Scat. Eighteene.

Long. Take it to you sir.

Scat. Vdflid I'le not be out-brav'd.

Sta. I vvie it.

Long. I'le none of it.

Scat. Nor I.

Sta. Give me a mournaval of aces, and a gleeke of queens.

Long. And me a gleeke of knaves.

Scat. Vdflid, I am gleeke this time,

Enter Will Rash.

Stay. Play.

Rash. Equal fortunes befall you Gallants.

Scat. Will Rash, wel, I pray see what a vile game I have.

Rash. What's your game, Gleeke?

Scat. Yes faith, Gleeke, and I have not one Court carde, but the knave of Clubbes.

Rash. Thou hast a wilde hand indeed: thy smal Cards shew like a troupe of rebels, and the knave of Clubbes their chiefe Leader.

Scat. And so they do as God save me, by the crosse of this silver he sayes true.

Enter Spendall.

Sta. Pray, play sir:

Long. Honnor.

Rash. How goe the stockes Gentlemen, what's won or lost?

Sta. This is the first game.

Scat. Yes this is the first game, but by the crosse of this silver here's all of five pounds.

Spend. Good day to you Gentlemen.

Rash. Francke, welcome by this hand, how dost lad?

Spend.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Spend. And how does thy wench yfaith.

Rash. Why fat and plump

Like thy geldings: thou giv'st them both good provender
It seemes, go to, thou art one of the madd'st wagges,
Of a Citizen 'ith towne, the whole company talkes of thee
already,

Spend. Talke, why let um talke, vds foot I pay scot and lot, and
all manner of duties else, as well as the best of um: it may be they
understand I keepe a whoore, a horse, and a kennell of hounds,
what's that to them? no mans purse opens for't but mine owne,
and so long, my hounds shall eate flesh, my horse bread, and my
whoore weare velvet.

Rash. Why there spoke a couragious Boy.

Spend. Vds foote, shall I be confin'd all the dayes of my life to
walke under a pent-house? no, I'le take my pleasure whiles my
youth affords it

Scat. By the crosse of these hilts, I'le never play at Gleek againe,
whilst I have a nose on my face,
I smell the knavery of the game.

Spend. Why what's the matter? who has lost?

Scat. Mary that have I, by the hilts of my fword, I have lost
forty crownes, in as small time almost, as while a man might tell it.

Spend. Change your Game for dice,

We are a full number for *Nouum*.

Scatt. With all my heart, where's M. Ambush the Broker, Ninni-
hammer?

Nin. Sir.

Scat. Go to M. Ambush, and bid him send me twenty marks upon
this Diamond.

Enter *Bubble*.

Nin. I will sir.

Long. Looke you (to make us the merrier) who comes here.

Rash. A fresh Gamster, M. Bubble; God save you.

Bub. Tu quoque sir.

Spend. God save you Maister Bubble.

Bub. Tu quoque.

Sta. Save you sir,

Bub. Et tu quoque.

Long. Good maister Bubble.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Bub. Et tu quoque

Scatt. Is your name Master Bubble?

Bub. Maister Bubble is my name, sir.

Scat. God save you sir.

Bub. Et tu quoque.

Scat. I would be better acquainted with you.

Bub. And I with you.

Scat. Pray let us salure againe.

Bub. With all my heart sir.

Long. Behold yonder the oke and the Ivy how they imbrace.

Rash. Excellent acquaintance, they shall be the Gemini.

Bub. Shall I desire your name sir?

Scat. Maister Scattergood.

Bub. Of the Scattergoods of London?

Scat. No indeed sir, of the Scattergoods of Hampshire.

Bub. Good Maister Scattergood.

Sta. Come Gentlemen, here's dice.

Scat. Please you advance to the Table?

Bub. No indeed sir.

Scatt. Pray will you goe?

Bub. I will goe sir over the whole world for your sake,
But in curtesie I will not budge a foot. Enter Ninnihammer.

Nin. Here is the Cash you sent me for: and master Rash,
Here is a Letter from one of your sisters.

Spend. I have the dice, set Gentlemen.

Long. From which sister?

Rash. From the mad-cap, I know by the hand.

Spend. For me, six.

Omnes. And six that.

Sta. Nine; 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8: eighteen shillings.

Spend. What's yours sir?

Scat. Mine's a Bakers dozen: master Bubble tell your mony.

Bub. In good faith I am but a simple Gainster, and do not know
what to doe.

Scat. Why you must tell your money, and hee'lle pay you.

Bub. My mony! I do know how much my mony is, but he shall
not pay me, I have a better conscience then so; what for throwing
the dice twice, yfaith he should have but a hard bargaine of it

Rash.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Rash. Witty rascall, I must needs away.

Long. Why what's the matter?

Rash. Why the lovers cannot agree, thou shalt along with me, and know all.

Long. But first let mee instruct thee in the condition of this Gentleman, whom dost thou take him to be?

Rash. Nay, hee's a stranger, I know him not.

Long. By this light but you doe, if his beard were off, 'tis *Staines*.

Rash. The devill it is as soone : and what's his purpose in this disguise?

Long. Why cheating, doe you not see how he playes upon his worshipfull Maister, and the rest.

Rash. By my faith he drawes apace.

Spend. A pox upon these dice, give's a fresh bale.

Bub. Ha, ha, the dice are not to be blamed, a man may perceive this is no Gentlemanly gamster, by his chafing: doe you heare, my friend, fill me a glasse of beere, and there's a shilling for your paines.

Dra. Your worship shall sir.

Rash. Why how now *Franke*, what hast lost?

Spend. Fifteene pounds and upwards: is there never an honest fellow:

Amb. What doe you lacke money sir?

Spend. Yes, canst furnish me?

Amb. Upon a sufficient pawn sir.

Spend. You know my shoo, bid my man deliver you a piece of three pile velvet, and let me have as much money as you dare adventure upon't.

Amb. You shall sir.

Spend. A pox of this lucke, it will not last ever:

Play sir, I'le set you.

Rash. *Franke*, better fortune befall thee: and Gentlemen, I must take my leave, for I must leave you.

Scat. Must you needes be gone?

Rash. Indeed I must.

Bub. Et tu quoque? *Long.* Yes truely.

Scat. At your discretions Gentlemen.

Rash. Farewell. *Exeunt Rash & Long.*

Sta. Cry you mercy sir, I am chanc'd with you all Gentle-

men

Greenes Tu Quoque.

men: here I have 7, here 7, and here 10.

Spend. 'Tis right sir, and ten that.

Bub. And nine that.

Sta. Two fives at all.

Drawes all.

Bub. One and five that.

Spend. Vmh, and can a suite of Sattin cheate so grossly?
By this light there's nought on one die but fives and sixes.
I must not be thus gull'd.

Bub. Come maister *Spendall*, set.

Spend. No sir, I have done.

Scat. Why then let us all leave, for I thinke dinner's neare ready.

Dra Your meat's upon the Table.

Scat. On the Table! come Gentlemen, wee doe our stomackes wrong: M. *Bubble*, what have you lost?

Bub. That's no matter, what I have lost, I have lost; nor can I chuse but smile at the foolishnesse of the dice.

Sta. I am but your steward Gentlemen, for after dinner I may restore it againe.

Bub. M. *Scattergood*, will you walke in?

Scat. I'le wait upon you sir, come Gentlemen, will you follow?

Exit. *manent Spendall & Staines.*

Sta. Yes sir, I'le follow you. *Spen.* Heare you sir a word.

Sta. Ten if you please.

Spend. I have lost fifteene pounds.

Sta. And I have found it.

Spend. You say right, found it you have indeed,
But never wonne it: doe you know this die?

Sta. Not I sir.

Spend. You seeme a Gentleman, and you may perceive
I have some respect unto your credit
To take you thus aside, will you restore
What you ha drawne from me unlawfully?

Sta. Sirra, by your out-side you seeme a citizen,
Whose Cockes-comb, I were apt enough to breake,
But for the Law; Go y'are a prating Jacke,
Nor ist your hopes, of crying out for clubbes,
Can save you from my chastisement, if once,

You

Greenes Tu Quoque.

You shall but dare to utter this againe.

Spend. You lie, you dare not.

Sta. Lie! nay villaine, now thou temptst me to thy death,

Spend. Soft, you must buy it dearer,

The best bloud flowes within you is the price.

Sta. Darst thou resist; thou art no Cittizen.

Spend. I am a Cittizen.

Sta. Say thou art a Gentleman, and I am satisfied,

For then I know thou'l answer me in field.

Spend. Ile say directly what I am, a Citizen,

And I will meeete thee in the field as fairely

As the best Gentleman that weares a sword.

Sta. I accept it, the meeting place?

Spend. Beyond the Maze in Tuttle.

Sta. What weapon?

Spend. Single rapier.

Sta. The time?

Spend. To morrow.

Sta. The houre?

Spend. Twixt nine and ten.

Sta. Tis good, I shall expect you, farewell.

Ex. omnes.

Spend. Farewell sir.

Enter Will Rash, Long-field, and Joyce.

Rash. Why I commend thee Gerle, thou speake'st as thou thinkst, thy tongue and thy heart are Relatives, and thou wert not my sister, I should at this time fall in love with thee.

Joyce. You should not need, for and you were not my brother, I should fall in love with you, for I love a proper man with my heart, and so does all the Sex of us, let my sister dissemble never so much, I am out of charity with these nice and squeamish tricks, we were borne for men, and men for us, and wee must together.

Rash. This same plaine dealing is a Jewell in thee.

Joyce. And let mee enjoy that Jewell, for I love plaine dealing with my heart.

Rash. Th'art a good wench yfaith, I should never be ashamed to call thee sister, though thou shouldst marry a Broome-man: but your lover me thinks is over tedious.

Enter Geraldine.

E

Joyce.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Joyce. No, looke ye sir, could you wish a man to come better up-
on his q, let us withdraw.

Rash. Close, close, for the prosecution of the plot, wench,
See he prepares.

Joyce. Silence.

Gerald. The Sunne is yet wrapt in *Auroraes armes*,
And lull'd with her delight, forgets his creatures :

Awake thou god of heate,
I call thee up, and task thee for thy flownesse ;
Poynt all thy beames through yonder flaring glasse,
And raise a beauty brighter then thy selfe ;

Musick.
Musitians give to each instrument a tongue,
To breath sweet musicke in the eares of her

To whom I send it as a Messenger

Enter Gartred aloft.

Gart. Sir, your musicke is so good, that I must say I like it ; but
the Bringer so ill welcome, that I could be content to lose it ; if you
plaid for money, there tis; if for love, here's none; if for good will, I
thank you, and when you will you may be gone,

Ger. Leave me not intranc'd : sing not my death,
Thy voyce is able to make Satires tame,
And call rough windes to her obedience.

Gart. Sir sir, our eares itch not for flattery, here you besiege my
window, that I dare not put forth my selfe to take the gentle Ayre,
but you are in the fields, and volly out your woes, your plaints,
your loves, your injuries.

Ger. Since you have heard, and know them, give redresse,
True beauty never yet was mercilesse.

Gart. Sir, rest thus satisfied, my minde was never woman, ne-
ver alter'd, nor shall it now beginne:
So fare you well.

Exit Gart.

Rash. Sfoot, Shee playes the terrible tyrannizing *Tamberlaine* over
him, this it is to turne Turke, from a most absolute compleate Gen-
tleman, to a most absurd ridiculous and fond lover.

Long. Oh, when a woman knowes the power and authority of
her eie.

Joyce. Fie upon her, shee's good for nothing then, no more then
a jade that knowes his owne strength: The window is clapsed, now
brother, pursue your project, and deliver your friend from the ty-
ranny of my domineering sister.

Rash.

Rash. Doe you heare, you drunckard in love, come in to us, and be ruled, you would little thinke, that the wench that talked so scurvily out of the window there, is more inamored on thee then thou on her: nay, looke you now, see if he turne not away slighting our good counsell: I am no Christian if she doe not sigh, whine, and grow sicke for thee: looke you sir, I will bring you in good witnessesse against her.

Joyce. Sir, y'are my brothers friend, and I'le be plaine with you, you doe not take the course to winne my sister, but indirectly goe about the bush: you come & fiddle heere, and keep a coile in verse: holde off your hatte, and beg to kisse her hand, which makes her proud. But to bee short, in two lines thus it is:

Who most doth love, must seeme most to negle~~et~~ it,
For those that shew most love, are least respected.

Long. A good observation by my faith.

Rash. Well this instruction comes too late now,
Stand you close and let me prosecute my invention,
Sister, O sister, wake, arise sister.

Enter Gartred above.

Gart. How now brother, why call you with such terroure?

Rash. How can you sleepe so sound, and heare such groanes,
So horrid and so tedious to the eare,
That I was frighted hither by the sound?
O sister, heere lies a Gentleman that lov'd you too deereley,
And himselfe too ill, as by his death appeares,
I can report no further without teares;
Assist me now.

Long. When he came first death startled in his eyes,
His hand had not forsooke the dagger hilt,
But still he gave it strength, as if he feard
He had not sent it home unto his heart.

Gart. Enough, enough,
If you will have me live, give him no name,
Suspition tells me 'tis my *Geraldine*:
But be it whom it will, I'le come to him,
To suffer death as resolute as he.

Exit Gart.

Rash. Did not I tell you 'twould take, downe sir downe.

Ger. I ghesse what y'ould have me doc.

Long. O for a little blood to besprinkle him.

Rash. No matter for blood, I'le not suffer her to come heare him, till the plot have tane his full height.

Ger. A scarffe ore my face, lest I betray my selfe.

Enter Gartred belowe.

Rash. Here, here, lie still, she comes, Now Mercurie, be propitious.

Gart. Where lies this spectacle of blood? This tragicke Sceane.

Rash. Yonder *Geraldine*.

Gart. O let me see him with his face of death! Why doe you keepe me from my *Geraldine*?

Rash. Because, unworthy as thou art, thou shalt not see The man now dead, whom living thou didst scorne, The worst part that he had, detay'd thy best, But yet contemn'd, dehirded, mock'd, despisde by you, Unfit for aught but for the generall marke Which you were made for, mans creation.

Gart. Burst not my heart before I see my Love, Brother, upon my knees I begge your leave, That I may see the wound of *Geraldine*, I will embalme his body with my teares, And carry him unto his sepulcher, From whence I'le never rise, but be interr'd In the same dust he shall be buried in.

Long. I do protest she drawes sad teares from me, I prethee let her see her *Geraldine*,

Gart. Brother, if e're you lov'd me as a sister, Deprive me not the sight of *Geraldine*.

Rash. Well, I am contented you shall touch his lippes, But neither see his face nor yet his wound,

Gart. Not see his face?

Rash. Nay, I have sworne it to the contrary: Nay, harke you further yet.

Gart. What now?

Rash. But one kisse, no more.

Gart. Why then no more!

Rash. Marry this liberty I'le give you,

Greenes Tu Quoque.

If you intend to make any speech of repentance
Over him, I am content, so it be short.

Gart. What you command is Law, and I obey.

Joyce. Peace, give eare to the passion

Gart. Before I touch thy body, I implore
Thy discontented ghost to be appeasde :

Send not unto me till I come my selfe :

Then shalt thou know, how much I honor'd thee.

O see the colour of his corall lippe ?

Which in despight of death lives full and fresh,

As when he was the beauty of his Sex :

T'were sinne worthy the worste of plagues to leave thee :

Not all the strength and policie of man

Shall snatch me from thy bosome.

Long. Looke, looke, I thinke shee'l ravish him,

Rash. Why how now sister?

Gart. Shall we have both one grave? here I am chain'd,
Thunder nor Earthquakes shall shake me off.

Rash. No? I'le try that, come dead man, awake, up with your bag
and baggage, and let's have no more fooling.

Gart. And live's my Geraldine?

Rash. Live? faith I.

Why should he not? he was never dead,
That I know on.

Ger. It is no wonder Geraldine should live,
Though he had emptied all his vitall spirits,
The Lute of *Orpheus* spake not halfe so sweete,
When he descended to th' infernall vaults,
To fetch againe his faire *Euridice*,
As did thy sweet voyce to *Geraldine*.

Gart. Ile exercise that voyce, since it doth please.
My better selfe, my constant *Geraldine*.

Joyce. Why so la, here's an end of an old Song,
Why could not this have beene done before
I pray?

Gart. O y'are a goodly sister, this is your plot :
Well, I shall live one day to requite you.

Joyce. Spare me not, for wheresoever I set my affection, although

Greene's Tu Quoque.

it be upon a Coliar, if I fall backe, unlesse it be in the right kinde
binde me to a stake, and let me be burned to death with char-coale.

Rash. Well, thou art a mad wench, and there's no more to be
done at this time, but as we brought you together, so to part you,
you must not lie at racke and manger: there be those within, that
will forbid the banes, Time must shake good fortune by the hand,
before you two must be great, specially you sister: come leave swea-
ring.

Gart. Must we then part?

Rash. Must you part? why how thinke you? uds foot, I do thinke
we shal have as much to do to get her from him; as we had to bring
her to him: this love of women is of a strange quality, and has more
trickes then a Juggler.

Gart. But this, and then farewell.

Ger. Thy company is heaven, thy absence hell.

Rash. Lord who'l thinke it?

Ioyce. Come wench. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Spendall, and Staines.

Spend. This ground is firme and even, I'le goe no further.

Sta. This be the place then, and prepare you sir,
You shall have faire play for your life of me.

For looke sir, I'le be open breasted to you.

Spend. Shame light on him that thinkes his safety lieth in a
French doublet.

Nay I would stripp my selfe, would comelinesse
Give sufferance to the deed, and fight with thee,
As naked as a Mauritanian Moore.

Sta. Give me thy hand, by my heart I love thee,
Thou art the highest spirited Cittizen,
That ever Guild-hall tooke notice of.

Spend. Talke not what I am, untill you have tried me.

Sta. Come on sir. *They fight.*

Spend. Now sir, your life is mine.

Sta. Why then take it, for I'le not begge it of thee.

Spend. Nobly resolv'd, I love thee for those words,
Here take thy armes againe, and if thy malice
Have spent it selfe like mine, then let us part
More friendly then we met at first encounter.

Sta.

Greenes In Quoque.

Sta. Sir, I accept this gift of you, but not your friendship;
Vntill I shall recover't with my honour.

Spend. Will you fight againe then?

Sta. Yes.

Spend. Faith thou dost well then, justly to whp my folly.

But come sir.

Sta. Hold, y'are hurt I take it.

Spend. Hurt! where? zownds I feele it not.

Sta. You bleed I am sure.

Spend. Sblood, I thinke you weare a cattes claw upon your
Rapiers point,
I am scracht indeed, but small as 'tis,
I must have blood for blood.

Sta. Y'are bent to kill I see.

Spend. No by my hopes, if I can scape that stane,
And keepe my good name; I'le never offer't.

Sta. Well sir, your worst.

Spend. We both bleed now I take it,
And if the motion may be equall thought,
To part with clasp'd hands I shall first subscribe.

Sta. It were unmanlinesse in me to refuse
The safety of us both, my hand shall never fall
From such a charitable motion.

Spend. Then joyne we both, and here our malice ends.
Though foes we came to th' field, wee'l depart friends. *Exeunt.*

Enter sir Lyonell, and a Servant,

Lyonell. Come, come, follow me knave, follow me, I have the
best nose' ith house, I thinke, either wee shall have rainie weather,
or the vaults unstopp'd: sirra, goe see, I would not have my guests
smell out any such inconvenience: Doe you heare sirra Symon?

Ser. Sir.

Lyon. Bid the Kitchin-maide skowre the sincke, and make clean
her backe-side, for the wind lies just upon't.

Ser. I will sir.

Lyon. And bid *Anibonie*, put on his white fustian doublet, for he
must wait to day: It doth me so much good to stir and talk, to place
this and displace that, that I shall need no Apothecaries prescrip-
tions, I have sent my daughter this morning as farre as Pimlikoe

to

Greenes Tu Quoque.

to fetch a draught of Darby ale, that it may fetch a colour in her cheeke, the puling harlotrie lookes so pale, and it is all for want of a man, for so their mother would say, God rest her soule, before she died.

Exit Servant.

Enter Bubble, Scattergood, and Staines.

Ser. Sir, the Gentlemen are come already.

Lyon. How knave, the Gentlemen!

Ser. Yes sir, yonder they are.

Lyonell. Gods pretious, wee are too tardie, let one be sent presently to meeete the gerles, and hasten their comming home quickly: how dost thou stand dreaming? Gentlemen, I see you love me, you are carefull of your houre; you may be deceived in your cheare, but not in your welcome.

Bub. Thankes, and *Tu quoque* is a word for all.

Scatterg. A pretty concise roome : sir Lyonell, where are your daughters?

Lyon. They are at your service sir; and forth comming.

Bub. Gods wil *Gervase*! how shall I behave my self to the Gentlewomen?

Sta. Why advance your selfe toward them, with a comely steppe, and in your salute, be carefull you strike not too high, nor too lowe, and afterward for your discourse, your *Tu quoque* will beare you out.

Bub. Nay, and that be all, I care not, for Ile set a good face on't, that's flat: and for my neather parts, let them speake for themselves: here's a legge, and ever a Baker in England shew me a better, Ile give him mine for nothing.

Sta. O that's a speciall thing that I must caution you of.

Bub. What sweet *Gervase*?

Sta. Why for commending your selfe; never whilst you live commend your self: and then you shall have the Ladies themselves commend you.

Bub. I would they would else.

Sta. Why they will Ile assure you sir, and the more vilely you speake of your selfe, the more will they strive to collaud you.

Enter Gartred and Joyce.

Bub. Let me alone to despaise my selfe,

Ile

Greenes Tu Quoque.

I'le make my selfe the arrantest cockes-combe within a whole Countrey.

Lyonell. Here come the Gipsies, the Sunne-burn'd gerles, Whose beauties will not utter them alone, They must have bagges although my credit cracke for't.

Bub. Is this the eldest sir?

Lyonell. Yes marry is she sir.

Bub. I'le kisse the youngest first, because she likes me best.

Scat. Marry sir, and whilst you are there, I'le be here: O delicious touch! I thinke in conscience Her lippes are lined quite through with Orenge Tawny velvet.

Bub. They kisse exceeding well, I doe not thinke but they have been brought up too't, I will beginne to her like a Gentleman in a set speech: Faire Ladie, shall I speake a word with you?

Joyce With me sir?

Bub. With you Lady,—this way,—a little more,— So now tis wel, umh —

Even as a Drummer,—or a Pewterer.

Joy. Which of the two no matter, For one beates on a Drumme, tother a Platter.

Bub. In good fayth sweet Lady you say true But pray marke me further, I will beginne againe.

Joy. I pray sir doe.

Bub Even as a Drummer, as I sayd before, — Or as a Pewterer.

Joy. Very good sir.

Bub. Doo—doo—doo.

Joy. What doe they doo?

Bub. By my troth Lady, I doe not know: for to say truth, I am a kind of an Asse.

Joy. How Sir, an Asse?

Bub. Yes indeed Lady.

Joy. Nay that you are not.

Bub. So God ha mee, I am Lady: you never saw an arranter Asse in your life.

Joy. Why here's a Gentleman your friend, will not say so.

Bub. Yfaith but he shall: How say you sir, Am not I an Asse?

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Scatt. Yes by my troth Lady is he : Why lle say any thing my brother *Bubble* sayes.

Gart. Is this the man my Father choose for mee, to make a Husband of? O God, how blind are parents in our loves : so they have wealth, they care not to what things they marry us.

Bub. Pray looke upon me Lady.

Joy. So I doe sir.

Bub. I but looke upon mee well, and tell mee if you ever saw any man looke so scurvily, as I doe?

Joy. The fellow here is frantique.

Bub. You doe not marke mee.

Joy. Yes indeed sir.

Bub. I, but looke upon mee well : Did you ever see a worse timbred Legge?

Joy. By my faith tis a pretty foure square Legge.

Bub. I but your foure square legges are none of the best. Oh! *Iarvis, Iarvis.*

Sta. Excellent well sir.

Bub. What say you now to mee Lady, can you find ere a good inch about me?

Joy. Yes that I can sir.

Bub. Find it, and take it sweet Lady : There I thinke I bobd her, *Iarvis.*

Joy. Well sir, disparage not your selfe so : for if you were The man you'd make your selfe ; yet out of your Behaviour and discourse, I could find cause enough To love you.

Bub. Augh! now she comes to me : My behaviour ? alas, alas ; tis clownicall ; and my discourse is very bald, bald : You shall not heare me breake a good Jeast in a twelve month.

Joy. No sir? why now you breake a good Jeast.

Bub. No, I want the *Boone Tour*, and the *Tu quoques*, Which yonder Gentleman has : Ther's a bob for him too : There's a Gentleman, and you talke of a Gentleman.

Joy. Who hee? hee's a Coxcombe indeed.

Bub. We are sworne Brothers in good fayth Lady.

Enter

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Enter Servant.

Scatt. Yes in truth wee are sworne Brothers, and do meane to go both alike, and to have Horses alike.

Joy. And they shall be sworne Brothers too?

Scatt. If it please them, Lady.

Ser. M. Ballance. the Golsmith desires to speake with you.

Lyo. Bid him come, knave.

Scatt. I wonder (Sir Lyonell) your sonne *Will Rash* is not heere?

Lyo. Is he of your acquaintance, sir?

Scatt. O very familiar; he strucke mee a boxe on the eare once, and from thence grew my love to him.

Enter Ballance.

Lyo. It was a signe of vertue in you sir; but heele be heere at dinner. Maister Ballance, what makes you so strange?

Come, you're welcome what the Newes?

Balla. Why sir, the old Newes: your man *Francis* ryots still, And little hope of thrift there is in him; Therefore I come to advise your Worship, To take some order whilst there's something left. The better part of his best Ware's consum'd.

Lyo. Speake softly Maister Ballance.

But is there no hope of his recovery?

Ball. None at all sir; for hee's already layd to be arrested by some that I know.

Lyo. Well, I doe suffer for him, and am loath Indeed to doe, what I am constrain'd to doe: Well sir, I meane to seise on what is left. And harke you one word more.

Joy. What haynous sinne has yonder man committed, To have so great a punishment, as waite upon the humors of an idle Foole: A very proper Fellow, good Legge good Face, A Body well proportioned: but his minde Bewrayes he neuer came of generous kinde,

Enter *Will Rash* and *Geraldine*.

Lyo. Go to, no more of this at this time. What sir, are you come?

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Rash. Yes sir, and have made bold to bring a Guest along.

Lyon. Master Geraldines son of Essex?

Ger. The same sir.

Lyo. Ye're welcome sir, when will your Father be in towne?

Ger. T'will not be long, sir.

Lyo. I shall be glad to see him when he comes.

Ger. I thanke you sir.

Lyon. In the meane time you're welcome; pray be not strange,
Ile leave my Son amongst you Gentlemen,

I have some busines: harke you M. Ballance,

Dinner will soone be ready; one word more. *Exit Lyo. & Bal.*

Rash. And how does my little *Asinus* and his *Tu quoque* here?
Oh you pretty sweet-fac'd rogues, that for your countenances might
be *Alexander* and *Lodwicke*: What sayes the old man to you? wil't
be a match? shall we call Brothers?

Scatt. Ifayth with-all my heart; if Mistris *Gartred* will,
wee will be married to morrow.

Bub. S'foot, if Mistris *Joyce* will, wee'l be married to night.

Rash. Why you courageous Boyes, and worthy Wenches,
made out of Waxe. But what shall's doe when we have
dinde, shall's goe see a Play?

Scatt. Yes fayth Brother: if it please you, let's goe see
a Play at the Gloabe.

Bub. I care not; any whither, so the Clowne have a part:
For Ifayth I am no body without a Foole.

Ger. Why then wee'l goe to the Red Bull; they say *Green's* a
good Clowne

Bub. *Greene*? *Green's* an Asse.

Scatt. Wherefore doe you say so?

Bub. Indeed I ha no reason: for they say, he is as like me as ever
he can looke.

Scatt. Well then, to the Bull.

Rash. A good resolution, continue it: nay on.

Bub. Not before the Gentlewomen; not I never.

Rash. O while you live, men before women:

Custome hath pac'd it so.

Bub. Why then custome is not so mannerly, as I would be.

Rash. Farewell M. Scatter-good: Come Lover, you're too busie
heere,

Greenes Tu Quoque.

heere, I must tutor yee : Cast not your eye at the table on each other my Father will spie you without Spectacles,
Hee is a shrewd observer: doe you heare mee?

Ger. Very well sir.

Rash. Come then go wee together, let the wenches alone.
Doe you see yonder fellow ?

Ger. Yes: prethee what is hee ?

Rash. Ile give you him within, he must not now be thought on :
but you shall know him. Exit Rash & Gerald.

Gart. I have observ'd my sister, and her eye
Is much inquisitiue after yond fellow ;
She has examin'd him from head to foot :
Ile stay and see the issue.

Joy. To wrastle against the streme of our Affection,
Is to strike Ayre or buffet with the Winde
That playes upon us: I have striv'd to cast
This fellow from my thoughts, but still he growes
More comely in my sight; yet a slave
Vnto one worse condition'd then a Slave :
They are all gone, here's none but hee, and I,
Now I will speake to him: and yet I will not.
Oh ! I wrong my selfe, I will supprese
That insurrection *Love* hath train'd in mee,
And leave him as he is: once my bold spirit
Had vowed to utter all my thoughts to him
On whom I settled my affection :
And why retyres it now ?

Sta. Fight *Love* on both sides; for on me thou strik'st
Strokes that have beat my heart into a flame :
She hath sent amorous glaunces from her eye:
Which I have backe returnd as faythfully.
I would make to her, but these servile Roabes
Curbes that suggestion, till some fitter time
Shall bring me more perswadingly unto her.

Joy. I wonder why he stayes I feare he notes me,
For I have publiquely betrayd my selfe,
By too much gazing on him : I will leave him:

Gart. But you shall not; Ile make you speake to him

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Before you goe. Doe you heare sir?

Joy. What meane you sister?

Gart. To fit you in your kind, sister: doe you remember
How you once tyrannizd over mee?

Joy. Nay pre thee leave this jesting,
I am out of the vaine.

Gart. I, but I am in: goe and speake to your Lover.

Joy. Ile first be buried quicke.

Gart. How ashamed? S'foot I tro, if I had set my affection on a Col-
lier, I de nere fall backe, unlesse it were in the right kind: if I did,
let me be tyed to a stake, and burnt to death with Charcoale.

Joy. Nay then wee shal haue't.

Gart. Yes marry shall you. Sister, will you speake to him?

Joy. No.

Gart. Doe you heare sir? heer's a Gentlewoman would speake
with you.

Joy. Why sister, I pray Sister,

Gart. One that loves you with all her heart,
Yet is ashamed to confess it.

Sta. Did you call, Ladys?

Joy. No sir, heer's no one cald.

Gart. Yes sir twas I, I cal'd to speake with you.

Joy. My sister's somewhat frantique; there's no regard to
be had unto her clamors: Will you yet leave?

I fayth you'le anger mee.

Gart. Passion: Come backe foole lover, turne againe and
kisse your belly full, heer's one will stand yee,

Sta. What does this meane troe?

Joy. Yes, is your humor spent?

Gart. Come let me goe, Birds that want the use of
Reason and of speech, can couple together in one day;
And yet you that have both, cannot conclude in twenty:
now Sister I am even with you, my venome is spit,
As much happiness may you enjoy with your lover as I with mine
And droope not wench, nor never be ashamed of him,
The man will serve the turne, though he be wrapt
In a blew Coate, Ile warrant him, come.

Joy. You're merrily disposed, Sister.

Exeunt Wenches.

Sta.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Sta. I needs must prosper, Fortune and Love worke for me:
Be moderate my Joyes; for as you grow
To your full heighth, So Bubbles waxeth low. Exit,

Enter Spendall, Sweatman, and Tickleman.

Tick. Will my sweete Spendall be gone then?

Spend. I must upon promise; but Ile be here at supper:
Therefore Mistris Sweatman, provide us some good cheare.

Sweat. The best the Market will yeeld.

Spend. Heer's twentie shillings; I protest I have left my selfe
but a Crowne, for my spending mony: for indeed I intend to be fru-
gall, and turne good husband.

Tick. I marry will you, you'lle to play againe, and lose your Mo-
nie and fall to fighting; my very heart trembles to thinke on it: how
if you had been killd in the quarrell, of my faith I had beene but a
dead woman.

Spen. Come, come, no more of this; thou dost but dissemble.

Tick. Dissemble? doe not you say so; for if you doe,
Gods my judge Ile give my selfe a gash.

Spend. Away, away, pre thee no more: farewell.

Tick. Nay busse first: Well,
There's no aduersitie in the word shall part us.

Enter Sergiants.

Spend. Thou art a loving Rascall; farewell.

Sweat. You will not fayle supper?

Spend. You have my word; farewell.

1. *Ser.* Sir, wee arrest you.

Spend. Arrest mee, at whose suite?

2. *Ser.* Marry there's suite enough against you,

Ile warrant you.

1. *Ser.* Come, away with him.

Spend. Stay, heare mee a word.

2. *Ser.* What doe you say?

Enter Purssnet.

Tick. How now Purssnet, why com'st in such haste?

Purss. Shut up your doores, and barre young Spendall out,
And let him be cashierd your company,

Greenes Tu Quoque.

He is turn'd Banquerout, his wares are seis'd on,
And his shop shut up.

Tick. How, his ware seis'd on? thou dost but iest, I hope?

Purss. What this tongue doth report, these eyes hath seene,
It is no *Æsops* fable that I tell,
But it is true as I am faythfull Pander.

Sweat. Nay I did ever thinke the Prodigall would prove
A Banquerout; but hang him, let him rott
In prison, he comes no more within these doores
I warrant him.

Tick. Come hither! I would he would but offer it,
Weele fire him out with a pox to him.

Spend. Will you doe it?

To carry me to prison, but undoes me.

1. Sar. What say you fellow *Gripe*, shall we take his 40. shillings.

2. Sar. Yes fayth, we shall have him againe within this weeke.

1. Sar. Well sir, your 40. shillings? and weeble have some compas-
sion on you.

Spend. Wil you but walke with me unto that house,
And there you shal receive it.

Sar. What, where the women are?

Spend. Yes sir.

Sweat. Looke yonder if the ungratiouse rascall be not comming
hither,

Betwixt two *Sargiants*: he thinkes belike,
That weeble relieve him; let us goe in,
And clap the doores against him.

Purss. It is the best course Mistres *Tickleman*.

Tick. But I say no, you shall not stir a foote,
For I wil talke with him,

Spend. Nan, I am come

Even in the Minute that thou didst professe
Kindnesse unto me, to make trial of it,
Adversitie thou sees layes hands upon me,
But Forty shillings will deliver me,

Tick. Why you impudent Rogue, doe you come to me for

Mony?

Or do I know you? what acquaintance pray,

Hath

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Hath ever past betwixt your selfe and mee?

Sar. Zownds do you mocke us, to bring us to these women that do not know you?

Sweat. Yes in good Sooth, (Officers I take't you're)
Hee's a meere stranger heere: onely in charitie,
Sometimes we have relieved him with a meale.

Spend. This is not earnest in you? Come, I know
My guifts and bountie cannot be so soone buried:
Goe pre thee fetch fourtie shillings.

Tick. Talke not to me, (you slave) of Fourtie shillings;
For by this light that shines, aske it againe,
Ile send my Knife of an errand in your Guttess:
A shamelesse Rogue to come to mee for Money.

Sweat. Is he your Prisoner, Gentlemen?

Sar. Yes marry is hee,

Sweat. Pray carry him then to Prison, let him smart for't,
Perhaps twill tame the wildnesse of his youth,
And teach him how to lead a better life:
Hee had good counsell here, I can assure you,
And if a would a tooke it.

Purss. I told him still my selfe, what would insue?

Spend. Furies breake loose in me: Sargeants let me me goe, Ile give you all I have, to purchase freedome but for a lightning while,
to teare yond Whore, Baud, Pander; and in them, the Divell: for there's his Hell, his habitation; nor has hee any other locall place.

Takes Spendals Cloake.

Sar. No sir, weeble take no Bribes.

Spend. Honest Sargeants, give me leave to unlade
A heart ore-chargd with grieve; as I have a soule,
Ile not breake from you.

Thou Strumpet, that wert borne to ruine men,
My fame, and fortune: be subiect to my Curse,
And heare mee speake it: Mayst thou in thy youth,
Feele the sharpe Whippe; and in thy Beldame age,
The Cart: when thou art growne to bee
An old Vpholster unto Venerie,
(A Bawd I meane, to live by Fether-beds)
Mayst thou be driven to sell all thou hast

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Vnto thy *Aqua vite* Bottle; that's the last
A Bawd will part withall; and live so poore,
That being turnd forth thy house, mayst die at doore.

Ser. Come sir, ha you done?

Spend. A little further give me leave, I pray,
I have a charitable Prayer to end with.

May the *French Canniball* eate into thy flesh,
And picke thy bones so cleane, that the report
Of thy calamitie, may draw resort
Of all the common Sinners in the towne,
To see thy mangled Carcasse : and that then,
They may upon't, turne honest; Bawd, say Amen.

Exit.

Sweat. Out upon him wicked villaine, how he blasphemeth;
Purss. He will be damn'd for turning Heretique.

Tick. Hang him Banquerout rascall, let him talke in Prison,
The whilst weele spend his Goods : for I did never
Heare, that men tooke example by each other.

Sweat. Well if men did rightly consider't, they should find,
That Whores and Bawds are profitable members
In a Common-wealth: for indeed, though we somewhat
Impaire their Bodies, yet we doe good to their Soules ;
For I am sure, we still bring them to Repentance.

Purss. By *Dis*, and so wee doe.

Sweat. Come, come, will you *Dis* before ? thou art one of them,
that I warrant thee wilt be hangd, before thou wilt repent.

Exit.

Enter *Rash*, *Staines*, and *Geraldine*.

Rash. Well, this *Love* is a troublesome thing, *Jupiter* blesse
me out of his fingers : there's no estate can rest for him :
Hee runs through all Countries, will travell through the
 Isle of Man in a minut; but never is quiet till he come into
Middle-sex, and there keepes his Christmas :
Tis his habitation, his mansion; from whence,
Heele never out, till he be fierd.

Ger. Well, doe not tyrannize too much, lest one day he make
you know his *Destie*, by sending a shaft out of a sparkling eye, shall
strike so deepe into your heart, that it shall make you fetch your
breath short againe.

Rash

Greenes Yn Quoque.

Rash. And make me cry, O eyes no eycs, but two celestiall Stars.
A pox ont, Ide as lieve heare a fellow sing through the nose. How now Wench?

Enter Gartred.

Gart. Keepe your station; you stand as well for the incouter as may be: She is comming on; but as melancholy, as a Base-vyoll in Confort.

Rash. Which makes thee as sprightly as the Treble.
Now dost thou play thy prize: heer's the honorable Science one against another: Doe you heare Lover, the thing is done you wot off; you shall have your Wench alone without any disturbance: now if you can doe any good, why so, the Silver Game be yours, weeke stand by and give ayme, and hallow if you hit the Clout.

Sta. Tis all the assistance I request of you,
Bring me but opportunatly to her presence,
And I desire no more: and if I cannot win her,
Let me lose her.

Gart. Well sir, let me tell you, perhaps you undertake
A harder taske then yet you doe imagine.

Sta. A taske, what to win a Woman, & have opportunitie? I wold that were a taske ifayth, for any man that weares his witts about him give me but halfe an houres Conference with the coldest creature of them all, And if I bring her not into a fooles Paradice, Ile pul out my tongue, & hang it at her doore for a draw-latch. Vdsfoot, I'de nere stand thrumming of Caps for the matter, Ile quickly make tryall of her; if she love To have her beauty pray'd, Ile prayse it: if her Witte, Ile commende it: if her good parts, Ile exalt them. No course shal scape me; for to whatsover I saw her inclind to, to that would I fit her.

Rash. But you must not doe thus to her, for shee's a subtile flou-ting rogue, that will laugh you out of countenance, if you solicit her seriously: No, talke me to her wantonly, slightly & carelesly, & perhaps so you may prevaile as much with her, as wind does with a Sayle, carry her whither thou wilt, Bully,

Enter Joyce.

Sta. Well sir Ile follow your instruction,

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Rash. Do so. And see she appeares, fall you two off from us,
Let us two walke together.

Ioy. Why did my enquiring eye take in this fellow,
And let him downe so easie to my heart ;
Where like a Conquerour he seises on it,
And beates all other men out of my Bosome ?

Rash. Sister, you're well met,
Heer's a Gentleman desires to be acquainted with you.

Ioy. See, the Sérvingman is turnd a Gentleman,
That villanous Wench my Sister, has no mercy,
She and my Brother has conspired together to play vpon me ; But
Ile prevent their sport : for rather then my tongue shall have scope
to speake matter to give them mirth, my heart shall breake.

Rash. You have your desire sir, Ile leave you ;
Grapple with her as you can.

Sta. Lady, God save you, She turns backe upon the motion,
There's no good to be done by braying for her, I see that ;
I must plunge into a passion : now for a piece of *Hero* and
Leander : t' were excellent ; and praise be to my memory,
It has reacht halfe a dozen lines for the purpose :
Well, she shall have them.

One is no Number ; Maydes are nothing then
Without the sweet societie of Men.
Wilt thou live single still ! one shalt thou be,
Though never singling *Hymen* couple thee.
Wild Savages that drinke of running Springs,
Thinke Water farre excells all other things.
But they that dayly taste neate Wine, despise it ;
Virginitie albeit some highly prize it,
Compar'd with Marraige ; had you tryd them both,
Differs as much as Wine and Water doth. No ?
Why then have at you in another kind,

By the fayth of a Souldier (Lady) I doe reverence the ground
that you walke upon : I will fight with him that dares say you are
not faite : Stabbe him that will not pledge your health ; and with
a Dagger pierce a Vaine, to drinke a full health to you ; but it shal
be on this condition, that you shall speake first.

Vds-foot, if I could but get her to talke once, halfe my labour were
over :

Greenes Tu Quoque.

over : But Ile try her in another vaine.

What an excellent creature is a Woman without a tongue? But what a more excellent creature is a Woman that has a tongue, and can hold her peace? But how much more excellent and fortunate a creature is that man, that has that woman to his wife?

This cannot choose but madde her ;

And if any thing make a Woman talke, tis this. It will not doe tho yet. I pray God they have not guld mee :
But Ile try once againe.

When will that tongue take liberty to talke ?

Speake but one word, and I am satisfied :

Or doe but say but *Mum*, and I am answerd.

No sound ? no accent ? Is there no noyse in Women ?

Nay then without direction I ha don.

I must goe call for helpe.

Rash. How, not speake ?

Sta. Not a sillable: night nor sleepe, is not more silent ;
Shee's as dumbe as *Westminster* Hall, in the long vacation.

Rash. Well, and what would you have me doe ?

Sta. Why, make her speake.

Rash. And what then ?

Sta. Why let me alone with her.

Rash. I, so you sayd before, Give you but opportunitie,
And let you alone, you'd desire no more : but come,
Ile try my cunning for you: See what I can doe.
How doe you sister, I am sorrry to heare you are not well,
This Gent. tels me you have lost your tongue, I pray lets see;
If you can but make signes whereabout you lost it,
Weele go and looke for't: in good faith sister, you looke very pale,
In my conscience tis for grieve: Will you have
Any comfortable Drinkes sent for, this is not the way ;
Come walke, see me earnest in discourse, cast not an eye
Towards her, and you shall see weakenesse worke it selfe.

Joy. My heart is swolne so big, that it must vent,
Or it will burst : Are you a Brother ?

Rash. Looke to your selfe sir,

The Brazen head has spoke, and I must leave you.

Joy. Has shame that power in him, to make him fly :

Greenes Tu Quoque.

And dare you be so impudent to stand
Just in the face of my incensed anger?
What are you? why doe you stay? who sent for you?
You were in Garments yesterday, befitting
A fellow of your fashion; has a Crowne
Purchast that shyning Sattin of the Brokers?
Or ist a cast Suit of your goodly Maisters.

Sta. A Cast suit Lady?

Joy. You thinke it does become you: fayth it does not,
A Blew Coat with a Badge, does better with you.
Goe untrusse your Maisters Poynts, and do not dare
To stop your Nose when as his Worship stinkes:
Ta's been your breeding.

Sta. Vds' life, this is excellent: now she talkes.

Joy. Nay, were you a Gentleman: and which is more,
Well Landed, I should hardly love you:
For, for your Face, I never saw a worse,
It lookes as if't were drawne with yellow Oacker
Upon blacke Buckram: and that Haire
Thats on your Chin, lookes not like Beard,
But as ist had been smeard with Shoomakers Wax.

Sta. Vdsfoot, sheele make me out of love with my selfe?

Joy. How dares your Basenes once aspyre unto
So high a fortune, as to reach at mee:
Because you have heard, that some have run away
With Butlers, Horskeepers, and their fathers Clearks;
You forsooth, cockerd with your owne suggestion,
Take heart upon't, and thinke mee, (that am meate,
And set up for your Maister) fit for you.

Sta. I would I could get her now to hold her tongue.

Joy. Or cause, sometimes as I have past along,
And have returnd a Curtse for your Hatt,
You (as the common tricke is) straight suppose,
Tis Love, (firreverence, which makes the word more beastly.)

Sta. Why, tis worse then silence,

Joy. But wee are fooles and in our reputations
We find the smart on't:
Kindnesse, is teameid Lightnesse, in our sex.

And

Greenes Tn Quoqe.

And when we give a Favour, or a Kisse,
Wee give our Good names too.

Sta. Will you be dumbe againe.

Joy. Men you are cald, but you're a viperous brood,
Whom we in charity take into our bosomes,
And cherish with our heart: for which you sting us.

Sta. Vds'foot, Ile fetch him that waked your tongue,
To lay it downe againe.

Rash. Why how now man?

Sta. O relieve me, or I shall lose my hearing,
You have raysde a Furie up into her tongue;
A Parliament of women could not make
Such a Confused noyse as that she utters.

Rash. Well, what would you have me do?

Sta. Why make her hold her tongue.

Rash. And what then?

Sta. Why then let me alone againe.

Rash. This is very good I fayth, first give thee but opportunitie, and let thee alone: then make her but Speake, and let Thee alone: now make her hold her tongue, and then let her alone: By my troth I thinke I were best to let Thee alone indeed: but come, follow me, The Wild-cat shall not carry it so away.

Walke, walke, as wee did.

Joy. What have you fetcht your Champion? what can he do?
Not have you nor himselfe from out the storme
Of my incensed rage; I will thunder into your eares,
The wrongs that you have done an innocent Mayde:
Oh you're a cupple of sweet: What shal I cal you?
Men you are not; for if you were,
You would not offer this unto a Mayde.

Wherin have I deserv'd it at your hands? Have I not beene, alwayes
a kind Sister to you, & in signes & tokens shewed it? Did I not send
Money to you at Cambridge when you were but a Freshman,
wrought you Purfes and Bandes; and since you came to th'Inn's a
Court, a faire payre of Hangers? Have you not take Rings from me
which I have beene faine to say I have lost, when you had paund,
them: and yet was never beholding to you for a payre of Gloves?

Greene's The Quoique.

Rash. A Womans tongue I see, is like a bell,
That once being set a going, goes it selfe.

Joy. And yet you to joyne with my sister against mee,
Send one heere to play upon me, whilst you laugh and leere,
And make a pastime on mee : is this Brotherly done ?
No it is Barbarous, & a *Turke* would blush to offer it to a Christian,
but I will thinke on't, and have it written in my heart, when it hath
slipt your memories.

Rash. When will your tongue be wearie ?

Joy. Never.

Rash. How, never ? Come talke, and Ile talke with you,
Ile try the nimble footmanship of your tongue ;
And if you can out-talke me, yours be the victory.

Heere they two talke and rayle what they list ;

then Rash speakes to Strayns.

All speake. Vds'foot, dost thou stand by, and doe nothing ?
Come talke, and drowne her clamors.

*Heere they all threes talke, and Joyce gives
over weeping, and Exit.*

Gerald. Alas, shee's spent yfaith: now the storme's over.

Rash. Vds'foot, Ile follow her as long as I have any breath.

Gart. Nay no more now Brother, you have no compassion,
You see she cryes.

Sta. If I doe not wonder she could talke so long, I am a villaine,
She eats no Nuts I warrant her: sfoot, I am almost out of breath.
With that little I talkt: well Gent. Brothers I might say ;
For she and I must clap hands upon't : a match for all this.
Pray goe in; and sister, salue the matter, colloque with her
Againe, and all shall be well : I have a little businesse
That must be thought upon, and tis partly for your mirth,
Therefore let mee not (tho absent) be forgotten :
Farewell.

Rash. We will be mindfull of you sir, fare you well.

Ger. How now man, what tyerd, tyerd ?

Rash. Zounds, and you had talkt as much as I did, you would be
tyr'd I warrant : What, is she gone in ? Ile to her againe whilst my
congue is warme : and if I thought I should be used to this exercise
I would eat every morning an ounce of Lickorish,

Exit.

Enter

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Enter Lodge the maister of the Prison,
and Holdfast his man.

Lodge. Have you sumd up those Reckonings?

Hold. Yes Sir.

Lodg. And what is owing mee?

Hold. Thirtie-seven pound odd monie.

Lodg. How much owes the Frenchman?

Hold. A fournights Commons.

Lodg. Has Spendall any money?

Hold. Not any sir: and he has sold all his Cloaths.

Enter Spendall.

Lodg. That fellow would wast Millions, if he had them;

Whilst he has Monie, no man spends a penny:

Aske him money, and if he say he has none,

Be plaine with him, and turne him out o'th Ward.

Exit Lodge.

Hold. I will sir. Master Spendall,

My Master has sent to you for money.

Spend. Monie, why does he send to me? does he thinke

I have the Philosophers Stone, or I can clip or coyne?

How does he thinke I can come by monie?

Hold. Fayth sir, his occasions are so great, that he must have mony, or else he can buy no Victuals.

Spend. Then we must starve, belike: Vds foot thou seest

I have nothing left, that will yeeld me two shillings.

Hold. If you have no money,

You're best remove into some cheaper Ward.

Spend. What Ward should I remove in?

Hold. Why to the Two-penny Ward, its likeliest to hold out with your meanes: or if you will, you may goc into the Hole, and there you may feed for nothing,

Spend. I, out of the Almes-Basket, where Charitie appeares

In likenesse of a peece of stinking Fish:

Such as they beat Bawdes with when they are Carted.

Hold. Why sir, do not scorne it, as good men as your selfe
Have been glad to eate Scraps out of the Almsbasket.

Spend. And yet slave, thou in pride wilt stop thy nose,
Scrue and make faces, talke contemptibly of it,
and of the feeders, surly groome.

Greene's *Tu Quoque.*

Enter Fox.

Hold. Well sir, your mallapertnes will get you nothing *Fox.*

Fox. Here.

Hold. A prisoner to the Hole, take charge of him, and use him as scurvily as thou cāst: you shal be taught your dutie sir, I warrant you.

Spend. Hence slavish tyrants, instruments of torture,
There is more kindnesse yet in Whores, then you,
For when a man hath spent all, he may goe
And seeke his way, theyle kicke him out of dores ;
Not keepe him in as you doe, and inforce him
To be the subiect of their cruelty.
You have no mercy ; but be this your comfort,
The punishment and tortures which you doe
Inflic~~t~~ on men, the Divels shall on you.

Hold. Well sir, you may talke, but you shall see the end,
And who shall have the worst of it.

Exit Hold.

Spend. Why villaine, I shall have the worst, I know it,
And am prepar'd to suffer like a *Stoicke*,
Or else (to speake more properly) like a Stocke ;
For I have no sense left: dost thou thinke I have?

Fox. Zounds, I thinke hee's madde ?

Spend. Why, thou art i'th right; for I am madde indeed,
And have beene madde this two yeares, Dost thou thinke
I could have spent so much as I have done
In wares and credit, had I not beene madde ?
Why thou must know, I had a faire estate,
Which through my ryot, I have torne in peeces,
And scattered amongst Bawdes, Buffoons, and Whores,
That fawnd on me, and by their flatteries,
Rockt all my understanding faculties
Into a pleasant slumber; where I dreamp~~t~~
Of nought but joy and pleasure: never felt
How I was luld in sensualitie,
Vntill at last, affliction waked me:
And lightning up the Tapor of my soule,
Led me unto my selfe; where I might see
A minde and body rent with miserie.

A Prisoner within:
Pris.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Pris. Harry Fox, Harry Fox. Fox. Who calls?

Enter Prisoners.

Pris. Here's the Bread and Meat-man come.

Fox. Well, the Bread and Meate-man may stay a little.

Pris. Yes indeed Harry, the Bread and Meat-man may stay: But you know our stomacks cannot stay.

Enter Gatherscrap with the Basket.

Fox. Indeed your Stomacke is alwayes first up,

Pris. And therefore by right, should be first seryed: I have a stomack like *Aqua fortis*, it will eate any thing:

O father Gatherscrap, here are excellent bits in the Basket.

Fox. Will you hold your Chops further; by and by youle drivell into the Basket?

Pris. Perhaps it may doe some good; for there may be a peece of powderd Beefe that wants watering.

Fox. Here sir, here's your share.

Pris. Here's a bit indeed: what's this to a *Gargantua* stomach?

Fox. Thou art ever grumbling.

Pris. Zounds, it would make a Dog grumble, to want his Victuals: I pray give *Spenda* none, he came into th' Hole but yester-night.

Fox. What doe you refuse it?

Spend. I cannot eate, I thanke you.

Pris. No, no, give it me; hee's not yet seafond for our company.

Fox. Divide it then amongst you. Exit Fox & Prisoners.

Spend. To such a one as these are, must I come, Hunger will draw me into their fellowship, To fight and scramble for unsaverie Scraps, That come from unknowne hands, perhaps unwash't: And would that were the worst; for I have noted, That nought goes to the Prisoners, but such food As either by the weather has beene tainted, Or Children, nay sometimes full paunched Dogges, Have overlickt, as if men had determin'd That the worst Sustenance, which is Gods Creatures, How ever they're abus'd, are good enough For such vile Creatures as abuse themselves. O what a Slave was I unto my my Pleasures?

Greenes Tu Quoque.

How drownd in Sinne, and overwhelm'd in Lust?
That I could write my repentance to the world,
And force th' impression of it in the hearts
Of you, and my acquaintance, I might teach them
By my example to looke home to Thrift;
And not to range abroad to seeke out Ruine:
Experience shewes, his Purse shall soone grow light,
Whom Dice wastes in the day, Drabs in the night:
Let all avoyde false Strumpets, Dice, and Drinke;
For he that leaps ith Mudde, shall quickly sinkē.

Enter Fox and Long-field.

Fox. Yonder's the man.

Long. I thanke you,
How is it with you, sir? What on the ground?
Looke up, there's comfort towards you.

Spend. Belike some charitable friend has sent a shilling,
What is your businesse? *Long.* Libertie.

Spend. There's vertue in that word; Ile rise up to you.
Pray let me heare that chearefull word againe.

Long. The able, and wel-minded Widdow Raysby,
Whose hand is still upon the poore mans Box,
Hath in her Charitie remembred you:
And being by your Maister seconded,
Hath taken order with your Creditors
For day and payment; and freely from her Purse,
By me her Deputie, she hath dischargd
All Duties in the House: Besides, to your necessities,
This is bequeathd, to furnish you with cloathes.

Spend. Speake you this seriously?

Long. Tis not my practise to mocke Miserie.

Spend. Be ever prayled that Divinitie,
That has to my oppressed State raysd Friends:
Still be his blessings powred upon their heads:
Your hand, I pray,

That have so faithfully performd their wills:
If ere my industrie, ioyned with their loves,
Shall rayse me to a competent estate,
Your name shall ever be to me a friend.

Long.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Zong. In your good wishes, you requite me amply.

Spend. All Fees, you say, are payd? there's for your love.

Fox. I thanke you sir, and am glad you are releast.

Exit.

Enter Bubble gallanted.

Bub. How Apparrell makes a man respected; the very children in the street do adore mee: for if a Boy that is throwing at his Jack-alent chaunce to hit me on the shinnes: Why, I say nothing but, *Tu quoque*, smile, and forgive the Child with a beck of my hand, or some such like token; so by that meanes, I doe seldome go without broken shinnes.

Enter Staines like an Italian.

Sta. The blessings of your Mistres fall upon you,
And may the heat and spirit of Hee-lip,
Endue her with matter above her understanding,
That she may only live to admire you, or as the *Italian* sayes;
Que que dell fogo Ginni Coxcombe.

Bub. I doe wonder what language he speakes.
Doe you heare my friend, are not you a Conjuror?

Sta. I am sir, a perfect Traveller, that have trampled over
The face of this universe, and can speake *Greeke* and
Latine as promptly, as my owne naturall Language:
I have composd a Booke, wherein I have set downe
All the Wonders of the world that I have seene
And the whole scope of my Jornies, together with the
Miseries and low sie fortunes I have endured therein.

Bub. O Lord Sir, are you the man? give me your hand:
How doe yee: in good fayth I thinke I have heard of you.

Sta. No sir, you never heard of mee, I set this day footing
Vpon the Wharffe, I came in with the last peale of Ordinance,
And dind this day in the Exchange amongst the Marchants
But this is frivelous and from the matter: you doe seeme
To be one of your *Gentile* spirits that doe affect *Generositie*:
Pleaseth you to be instituted in the nature, Garb, and habit,
Of the most exactest Nation in the world, the *Italian*:
Whose Language is fwctest, Cloaths neatest, and behaviour
Most accomplit: I am one that have spent much money,
And time; which to me is more deare then monie, in the
Observation of these things: and now I am come,

Greenes Tu Quoque.

I wil sit me downe and rest, and make no doubt,
But by qualitie, to purchase and build, by professing this Art,
Or humane Science (as I may terme it,) to such Honorable
And Worshipfull personages as meane to be peculiar.

Bub. This fellow has his tongue at his fingers ends :
But harke you sir, is your *Italian* the finest Gentleman?

Sta. In the world *Signior*, your *Spaniard* is a meere *Bumbard* to
him: he will bounce indeed; but he will burst : But your *Italian* is
smooth and loftie, & his language is, *Couzen germane* to the *Latin*.

Bub. Why then he has his *Tu quoque* in his salute?

Sta. Yes sir, for it is an *Italian* word as well as a *Latine*,
And infolds a double sense: for one way spoken,
It includes a fine Gentleman like your self;
And another way, it imports an *Asse*, like whom you will.

Bub. I would my man *Jarvis* were here, for he understands these
things better then I. You will not serve?

Sta. Serve, no sir, I have talkt with the great *Sophy*.

Bub. I pray sir, what's the lowest price of being *Italianated*?

Sta. Sir, if it please you, I will stand to your bounty:
And marke me, I will set your face like a *Grand signiors*,
And you shall march a whole day, untill you come oponctly to
your *Mistris*,
And not disfrancke one hayre of your physnomie.

Bub. I would you would doe it Sir, if you wil stand to my Boun-
ty, I will pay you, as I am an *Italian tu quoque*.

Sta. Then sir, I will first disburthen you of your Cloake,
You will be the nimbler to practise: Now sir, observe me,
Go you directly to the Lady to whom you devote your selfe.

Bub. Yes sir.

Sta. You shall set a good stay'd face upon the matter then.
Your Band is not to your Shirt, is it?

Bub. No sir, tis loose.

Sta. It is the fitter for my purpose.

I will first remove your Hatte, it has been the fashion (as I have
heard) in *England*, to weare your Hatte thus in your eyes; But it
is grosse, naught, inconvenient, and proclaymes with a loud voyce;
that he that brought it up first, stood in feare of Sargiants. Your *Ita-
lian* is contrarie, he doth advance his Hatte and sets it thus.

Bub.

Bub. Excellent well: I would you would set on my head so.

Sta. Soft, I wil first remove your Band, and set it out of the reach of your eye; it must lie altogether backeward: So, your Band is wel.

Bub. Is it as you would have it?

Sta. It is as I would wish; only sir, this I must condition you off: in your affront or salute, never to move your Hatte: But here, here is your curtesie.

Bub. Nay I warrant you let me alone, if I perceive a thing once, Ile carry it away, Now pray sir, reach my Cloake.

Sta. Never whilst you live, sir

Bub. No, what doe your *Italians* weare no Cloakes?

Sta. Your *Signiors* never: you see I am unfurnisht my selfe.

Enter Sir Lyo. Will Rash, Geraldine, Widdow.

Gartred, and Joyce.

Bub. Sa'y so? prethee keepe it then. See, yonder's the companie that I looke for; therefore, if you will set my face of any fashion, pray doe it quickly.

Sta. You carry your face as well as ere an *Italian* in the world, onely inrich it with a Smile, and tis incomparable: and thus much more, at your first appearance, you shal perhaps strike your acquaintance into an extasie, or perhaps a laughter: but tis ignorance in them which will soone be overcome, if you persever.

Bub. I will presever, I warrant thee; onely doe thou stand aloofe and be not seene, because I would have them thinke I fetch it out of my owne practise.

Sta. Doe not you feare, Ile not be seene, I warrant you.

Exit.

Lyo. Now *Widdow*, you are welcome to my house, And to your owne house too, so yoe may call it: For what is mine, is yours: you may command here, As at home, and be as soone obayde.

Wid. May I deserve this kindnesse of you, sir?

Bub. Save you Gent: I salute you after the *Italian* fashion.

Rash. How, the *Italian* fashion? Zounds, he has drest him rarely.

Lyo. My sonne *Bubble*, I take it?

Rash. The nether part of him I thinke is he, But what the upper part is, I know not.

Bub. By my troth hee's a rare fellow, he sayd true:

They

Greenes Tu Quoque.

They are all in an extasie.

Gart. I thinke hee's madde.

Lyo. Nay that cannot bee, for they say, they that are madde, lose their wits: and I am sure he had none to lose.

Enter Scattergood.

Lyo. How now sonne Bubble, how come you thus attyrd? What, do you meane to make your selfe a laughing stocke, ha?

Bub. Vm; Ignorance, ignorance.

Ger. For the love of laughter, looke yonder: Another Herring in the same pickle.

Rash. The tother Hobby-horse I perceive is not forgotten.

Bub. Ha, ha, ha, ha,

Scat. Ha, ha, ha, ha,

Bub. Who has made him such a Coxcombe troe?

An Italian tu quoque?

Scat. I salute you according to the Italian fashion.

Bub. Puh, the Italian fashion? the tatterd-de-malian fashion hee meaneas.

Scat. Save you sweet bloods, save you.

Lyo. Why but what Iigge is this?

Scat. Nay if I know father, would I were hanged, I am e'ne as Innocent as the Child new borne.

Lyo. I but sonne Bubble, where did you two buy your Felts?

Scat. Felts! By this light, mine is a good Beaver: It cost me three pounds this morning upon trust.

Lyo. Nay, I thinke you had it upon trust: for no man that has any shame in him, would take money for it: behold Sir.

Scat. Ha, ha, ha,

Lyo. Nay never doe you laugh, for you're i'th samme blocke,

Bub. Is this the Italian fashion?

Scat. No, it is the Fooles fashion: And we two are the first that follow it.

Bub. Et tu quoque, are we both cozend?

Then let's shew our selves brother in adversity, and imbrace.

Lyo. What was he that cheated you?

Bub. Marry sir, he was a Knav that cheated me,

Scat. And I thinke he was no honest man, that cheated mee,

Lyo. Doe you know him againe, if you see him?

Enter

Greene's In Quoque.

Enter Staynes.

Bub. Yes I know him againe, if I see him :
But I doe not know how I should come to see him.
O Iarvis, Iarvis, doe you see us two, Iarvis ?

Sta. Yes sir, very well.

Bub. No, you doe not see us very well ;
For we have been horribly abused :
Never were *Englishmen* so guld in *Italian*, as wee have been.

Sta. Why sir, you have not lost your Cloake and Hat ?

Bub. Iarvis you lie, I have lost my Cloake and Hatte :
And therefore you must use your credit for another.

Scat. I think e my old Cloake and Hatte must be glad to serve
me till next quarter day.

Lyo. Come, take no care for Cloakes, Ile furnish you :
To night you lodge with mee, to morrow morne
Before the Sunne be up, prepare for Church,
The *Widdow* and I have so concluded on't :
The Wenches understand not yet so much,
Nor shall not, untill bedtime : then will they
Not sleepe a wincke all night, for very joy.

Scat. And Ile promise, the next night,
They shall not sleepe for joy neither.

Lyo. O Maister *Geraldine*, I saw you not before :
Your Father now is come to towne, I heare.

Ger. Yes Sir.

Lyo. Were not my businesse earnest, I would see him :
But pray intreat him breake an howres sleepe
To morrow morne, t'accompany me to Church ;
And come your selfe I pray along with him.

Enter Spendall.

Ger. Sir, I thanke you.

Lyo. But looke, here comes one,
That has but lately shooke off his Shackles.
How now sirra, wherfore come you ?

Spend. I come to crave a pardon sir, of you,
And with heartie and zealous thankes
Vnto this worthy Lady, that hath given mee

Greenes Tu quoque.

More then I ere could hope for : Libertie.

Wid. Be thankfull unto Heaven, and your Maister :
Nor let your heart grow bigger then you Purse,
But live within a limit, least you burst out
To Ryot, and to Misery againe :
For then twould lose the benefit I meane it.

Lyo. O you doe graciously, tis good advice :
Let it take roote firra, let it take roote.
But come *Widdow* come, and see your Chamber,
Nay your companie too, for I must speake with you.

Exit.

Spend. Tis bound unto you Sir.

Bub. And I have to talke with you too, Mistris *Joyce*.
Pray a word.

Joy. What would you, Sir?

Bub. Pray let me see your hand : the line of your Maydenhead is
out. Now for your Fingers; upon which Finger wil you weare your
wedding Ring?

Joy. Vpon no Finger.

Bub. Then I perceive you meane to weare it on your thumb.
Well, the time is come sweet *Joyce*, the time is come.

Joy. What to doe sir?

Bub. For me to tickle thy *Tu quoque*; to doe the act of our fore-
father: therfore prepare, provide,
To morrow morne to meet mee as my Bride,

Exit.

Joy. Ile meet thee like a Ghost first.

Gart. How now, what matter have you fighst out of that foole ?

Joy. Matter as poysning as corruption,
That will without some Antidote strike home
Like blew Infection to the very heart.

Rash. As how, for Gods sake ?

Joy. To morrow is the appoynted Wedding day.

Gart. The day of doome it is ?

Ger. Twould be a dismall day indeed to some of us.

Joy. Sir, I doe know you love me; and the time
Will not be dallyed with: be what you seeme,
Or not the same ; I am your Wife, your Mistris,
Or your Servant; indeed what you will make mee :
Let us no longer wrangle with our wits;

Or

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Or dally with our Fortunes; lead me hence,
And carry me into a Wildernesse :
Ile fast with you, rather then feast with him.

Sta. What can be welcommer unto these armes ?
Not my estate recoverd, is more sweete,
Nor strikes more joy in me, then does your love.

Rash. Will you both kissthen upon the bargaine,
Here's two couple on you; God give you joy,
I wish well to you, and I see tis all the good that I can doe you :
And so to your shifts I leave you.

Joy. Nay Brother you will not leave us thus, I hope.

Rash. Why what would you have me doe , you meane to runne
away together, would you ha me run with you, and so lose my
inheritance : no, trudge, trudge with your backs to me, and your
bellies to them:away.

Ger. Nay I prethee be not thus unseafonable :
Without thee wee are nothing.

Rash. By my troth, and I think so too, you love one another in the
way of Matrimonie, doe you not ?

Ger. What else man ?

Rash. What else man? why tis a question to be askt;
For I can assure you, there is an other kind of love :
But come follow mee, I must be your good Angell still :
Tis in this braine how to prevent my Father, and his brace
Of Beagles:you shall none of you be bid to night:
Follow but my direction, if I bring you not,
To have and to hold, for better for worse, let me be held an
Eunuch in wit, and one that was never Father to a good Ieast.

Gart. We'le be instructed by you.

Rash. Well, if you bee, it will be your owne another day.
Come follow mee.

Spendall meetes them, and they looke strangely
upon him, and Exit.

Spend. How ruthlesse men are to aduersitie.
My acquaintance scarce will know me, when we meet
They cannot stay to talke, they must be gone;
And shake me by the hand as if I burnt them :

Greene's *Et tu quoque.*

A man must trust unto himselfe, I see ;
For if he once but halt in his estate ,
Friendship will proove but broken Crutches to him :
Well, I will leane to none of them, but stand
Free of my selfe : and if I had a spirit
Daring to act what I am prompted to ,
I might thrust out into the world againe ,
Full blossomd with a sweete and golden Spring :
It was an argument of love in her
To fetch me out of Prison, and this night ,
She claspt my hand in hers, as who should say ,
Thou art my Purchase, and I hold thee thus :
The worst is but repulse, if I attempt it :
I am resolv'd, my Genius whispers to mee
Go on and win her, thou art young and active ;
Which she is apt to catch at, for there's nougnt
That's more unsteadfast, then a womans thought.

*Enter Sir Lyo. Will Rash, Scatter-good, Bubble,
Widdow, Gartred, Joyce, Phillis,
and Servant.*

Lyo. Here's ill-lodging *Widdow* : but you must know ,
If wee had better, we could affoord it you.

Wid. The lodging Sir, might serve better Guestes.

Lyo. Not better *Widdow*, nor yet welcommer :
But wee will leave you to it, and the rest.

Phillis, pray let your Mistris not want any thing ,
Once more Good night, Ile leave a kisse with you ,
As earnest of a better Quift to morrow.

Sirrah, a Light.

Wid. Good rest to all.

Bub. *Et tu quoque*, forsooth.

Scat. God give you good-night, forsooth ,
And send you an early resurrection.

Wid. God-night to both.

Lyo. Come, come away, each Bird unto his nest ,
To morrow night's a time of little rest.

Exit.

Manet Widdow and Phillis.

Wid.

Greene's Tu Quoque.

Wid. Here untie : soft, let it alone,
I have no disposition to sleepe yet :
Give me a Booke and leave me for a while,
Some halfe houre hence, looke into me.

Phil. I shall forsooth.

Exit Phillis.

Enter Spendall.

Wid. How now, what makes this bold intrusion ?

Spend Pardon me Lady, I have busines to you.

Wid. Busines, from whom, is it of such importance
That it craves present hearing ?

Spend. It does.

Wid Then speake it, and be briefe.

Spend. Nay gentle *Widdow*, be more pliant to me.

My suit is soft and courteous : full of love.

Widd Of love ?

Spend. Of love.

Wid. Why sure the man is madde? bethinke thy selfe
Thou hast forgot thy errand ?

Spend. I have indeed faire Lady ; for my errand
Should first have beene delivered on your lippes.

Wid. Why thou impudent fellow, unthrift of shame,
As well as of thy purse ; What has moovd thee
To prosecute thy ruine? hath my bounty,
For which thy Maister was an Orator,
Importun'd thee to pay me with abuse ?
Sirra retire, or I will to your shame,
With clamors rayse the house, and make your Maister
For this attempt, returne you to the Dungion,
From whence you came.

Spend. Nay then I must be desperate :

Widdow, hold your Clapdish, fasten your tongue
Vnto your Roofe, and doe not dare to call,
But give me audience, with feare and silence :
Come kisse mee : No ?

This Dagger has a poynt, doe you see it ?

And be unto my suit obedient,

Or you shall feele it too :

For I will rather rotter, hang in cleane Linnen,

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Then live to scrub it out in lowsie Lynings.
Go too, kisse: You will? why so: Againe: the third time?
Good, tis a sufficient Charme: Now heare mee,
You are rich in Mony, Lands, and Lordships,
Maniors, and fayre Possessions, and I have not so much
As one poore Copy-hold to thrust my head in.
Why should you not then have compassion
upon a reasonable handsome fellow,
That has both youth and livelihood upon him,
And can at midnight quicken and refresh
Pleasures decayed in you? You want Children,
And I am strong, lusty, and have a backe
Like Hercules, able to get them
Without the helpe of Muscadine and Eggs:
And will you then, that have inough,
Take to your Bed a bundle of diseases,
Wrapt up in threescore yeares, to lie a hawking.
Spitting and coffing backwards and forwards
That you shall not sleepe; but thrusting forth
Your face out of the Bed, be glad to draw
The Curtaines, such a steame shall reeke
Out of this dunghill. Now what say you?
Shall we without further wrangling clap it up,
And goe to Bed together?

Wid. Will you heare mee?

Spend. Yes with all my heart,
So the first word may be, Vntrusse your poynts.
Zounds one knocks: do not stirre I charge you,
Nor speake, but what I bid you:
For by these Lippe, which now in love I kisse,
If you but struggle, or but rayse your voyce,
My arme shall rise with it, and strike you dead.
Go too, come on with me, and aske who's there?

Wid. It is my Mayde.

Spend. No matter, doe as I bid you: say, Who's there?

Wid. Who's there?

Within Phillis. Tis I, forsooth.

Spend. If it be you, forsooth, then pray stay.

Knocke within

Till

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Till I shall call upon you,

Wid. If it be you forsooth, then pray you stay,

Till I shall call upon you.

Spend. Very well, why now I see.

Thou'lt proove an obedient wife, come, let's undresse.

Wid. Will you put up your naked weapon sir?

Spend. You shall pardon mee (Widdow) I must have you grant first.

Wid. You will not put it up.

Spend. Not till I have some token of your love.

Wid. If this may be a testimony, take it.

Kisse him.

By all my hopes I love thee, thou art worthy

Of the best widdow living, thou tak'st the course;

And those that will win widdowes must doe thus.

Spen. Nay, I knew what I did, when I came with my naked weapon in my hand, but come, unlace.

Wid. Nay my deare love, know that I will not yeeld
My body unto lust, untill the Priest
Shall ioyn us in *Hymens* sacred nuptiall rites.

Spend. Then set your hand to this, nay 'tis a contract
Strong and sufficient, and will hold in Law,
Here, here's pen and incke, you see I come provided.

Wid. Give me the penne.

Spend. Why here's some comfort,
Yet write your name faire I pray,
And at large; why now 'tis very well,
Now widdow you may admit your Maid,
For i'th next roome I'le goc fetch a nappe,

Wid. Thou shalt not leave me so, come pre thee sit,
Wee'l talke a while, for thou hast made my heart
Dance in my boosome I receive such joy.

Spend. Thou art a good wench yfaith, come kisse upon't.

Wid. But will you be a loving husband to me,
Avoyd all naughty company, and be true
To me, and to my bedde?

Spend. As true to thee, as Steele to Adamant.

Binde him to the poast.

Wid. I'le binde you to your word, see that you be,

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Or I'le conceale my bagges, I have kinsfolkes,
To whom I'le mak't over, you shall not have a penny.

Spend. Push, pre thee do not doubt me,
How now, what meanes this?

Wid. It meanes my vengeance; nay sir, you are fast,
Nor doe not dare to struggle, I have libertie,
Both of my tongue and feet, I'le call my maid :
Phillis come in, and helpe to triumph,
Over this bold intruder, wonder not wench,
But goe unto him, and ransacke all his pockets,
And take from thence a Contract which he forc'd
From my unwilling fingers :

Enter Phillis.

Spend. Is this according to your oath.

Phillis. Come sir, I must search you.

Spend. I prethee doe.
And when thou tak'st that from me, take my life too.

Wid. Haft thou it geafe?

Phill. I have a paper here.

Wid. It is the same, give it me, looke you sir,
Thus your new fancied hopes I reare asunder:
Poore wretched man, 'thast had a golden dreame,
Which gilded o're thy calamitie :
But being awake thou findst it ill laid on,
For with one finger I have wip'd it off :
Goe fetch me hither the Casket that containes
My choycest Jewells, and spread them here before him;
Looke you sir :

Here's gold, pearle, rubies, saphires, diamonds ;
These would be goodly things for you to pawne,
Or revell with amongst your Curtizans,
Whilst I and mine did starve: why doſt not curse,
And utter all the mischieſes of thy heart,
Which I know ſwells within thee ? powre it out,
And let me heare thy fury.

Spend. Never, never:

When ere my tongue ſhall ſpeak but well of thee,
It prooves no faithfull ſervant to my heart.

Wid. False traitor to thy master, and to me,

Thou

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Thou liest, there's no such thing within thee.

Spend. May I be burn'd to uglinesse, to that
Which you and all men hate, but I speake truth.

Wid. May I be turn'd a monster, and the shame
Of all my Sex, — and if I not beleeve thee,
Take me unto thee, these and all that's mine,
Were it thrice trebled, thou wert worthy all:
And doe not blame this triall, cause it shews
I give my selfe unto thee, am not forc'd,
And with't alone, that ne'r shall be divorc'd.

Spend. I am glad 'tis come to this yet, by this light
Thou putt'st me into a horrible feare:
But this is my excuse: know that my thoughts
Were not so desperate as my actions seem'd,
For fore my dagger should ha drawne one droppe
Of thy chaste blood, it should have sluc'd out mine:
And the cold point strucke deepe into my heart:
Nor better be my fate, if I shall move
To any other pleasure but my love.

Wid. It shall be in my Creed: but let's away,
For night with her blacke Steeds drawes up the day.

Exeunt.

*Enter Rasb, Staines, Geraldine, Gartred, Joyce, and
a Boy with a Lanthorne.*

Rasb. Softly Boy, softly, you thinke you are upon firme ground,
but it is dangerous; you'l never make a good thiefe, you rogue,
till you learne to creepe upon all foure: if I doe not sweat with go-
ing this pace: every thing I see, me thinkes, should be my father in
his white beard.

Sta. It is the property of that passion, for feare
Still shapes all things we see to that we feare.

Rasb. Well said Logicke, sister, I pray lay hold of him,
For the man I see is able to give the Watch an answer, if they

Enter Spendall, Widdow, and Phillis,
should come upon him with Interrogatories: zounds we are disco-
vered, boy, come up close, and use the property of your Lanthorne:
what dumbe shew should this be?

Geral. They take their way directly, intend nothing against us,

Sta. Can you not discerne who they are?

Joyce. One is *Spendall*.

Gart. The other is the Widdow, as I take it.

Sta. 'Tis true, and that's her maide before her.

Rash. What a night of conspiracie is here, more villanie? there's another goodly mutton going, my father is fleeced of all, grieve will give him a box yfaith, but 'tis no great matter, I shall inherit the sooner, nay soft sir, you shall not passe so currant with the matter, I'll shake you a little: who goes there?

Spend. Out with the Candle, who's that askes the question?

Rash. One that has some reason for't.

Spend. It should be, by the voyce, yong *Rash*.

Why we are honest folkes.

Rash. Pray where doe you dwell? not in towne I hope?

Spend. Why we dwell, zownds where doe we dwell?

I know not where.

Rash. And you'll be married you know not when, zownds it were a Christian deed to stop thee in thy journy: hast thou no more spirit in thee, but to let thy tongue betray thee. Suppose I had beene a Constable, you had beene in a fine taking, had you not?

Spend. But my still worthy friend,
Is there no worse face of ill bent towards me,
Then that thou merrily put'st on?

Rash. Yes, here's foure or five faces more, but he'r an ill one, though never an excellent good one, Boy, up with your lanthorne of light, and shew him his associats, all running away with the flesh as thou art, go yoake together, you may be oxen one day, and draw all together in a plough, go march together, the Parson staies for you pay him royally, come, give me the Lanthorne, for you have light sufficient, for night has put off his black Cap, and salutes the morne, now farewell my little children of *Cupid*, that walke by two and two as if you went a feasting: let me heare no more words, but be gone.

Spend. & *Sta.* Farewell.

Gart. & *Joyce* Farewell brother.

Manet Rash.

Rash. I, you may crie farewell, but if my father should know of my villanie, how should I fare then? but all's one, I ha done my sisters good

Greenes Tu Quoque.

good, my friends good, and my selfe good; and a generall good is alwaies to be respected before a particular, ther's eight score pounds a yeare saved, by the conveyance of this widdow. I heare footsteps, now darkenesse take me into thy armes, and deliver me from discovery.

Exit.

Enter sir Lyonell.

Lyonell. Lord, Lord, what a carelesse world is this; neyther Bride nor Bridegroome ready, time to go to Church, and not a man unrooted, this age has not seene a young gallant rise with a candle, we live drowned in feather-beds, and dreame of no other felicity: this was not the life when I was a young man, what makes us so weake as we are now? a featherbed: what so unapt for exercise? a feather-bed: what breeds such paines and aches in our bones? why a feather-bed or a wench, or at least a wench in a feather-bed: is it not a shame, that an old man as I am should be up first, & in a wedding day? I thinke in my conscience there's more mettall in lads of three score, then in boyss of one and twenty.

Enter Basket hilt.

Why Basket hilt: Bask. Here sir.

Lyon. Shall I not be trussed to day?

Bask. Yes sir, but I went for Water.

Lyon. Is Will Rash up yet?

Basket. I thinke not sir, for I heard no body stirring in the house.

Lyon. Knocke firra at his chamber, Knocke within. The house might be plucked downe and builded againe Before hee'd wake with the noyse.

Rash aloft.

Rash. Who's that keepes such a knocking, are you madde?

Lyon. Rather thou art drunke, thou lazy slowch, That mak'st thy bed thy grave, and in it buriest All thy youth and vigor; up for shame.

Rash. Why tis not two a clocke yet.

Lyo. Out sluggish knave tis neerer unto five, The whole house has out-slept themselves, as if they had drunke wilde poppy: Sirra, goe you and rayse the maides, and let them call upon their Mistresses.

Bask. Well sir, I shall.

Exit.

Enter Scattergood and Bubble.

Scat. Did I eate any Lettice to supper last night, that I am so sleepie, I thinke it be day light, brother Bubble.

Greene's Tu Quoque.

Bub. What saist thou brother? heigh ho!

Lyo. Fie, fie, not ready yet? what sluggishnesse
Hath seiz'd upon you? why thine eyes are close still.

Bub. As fast as a Kentish oyster, surely I was begotten in a
Plumm-tree,

I ha such a deale of gumme about mine eies.

Enter Servante.

Lyon. Lord how you stand! I am ashamed to see
The Sunne should be a witnesse of your sloth,
Now sir, your haste?

Bask. Marry sir, there are guests comming to accompany you to
Church.

Ly. Why this is excellent, men whom it not concerns
Are more respective then we that are maine Actors.

Bub. Father Raſh, be not so outrageous; we wil goe in and buckle
our selves, all in good time, how now! what's this about my shins?

Enter old Geraldine, and Long-field.

Scatt. Me thought our shankes were not fellowes, we have meta-
morphosed our stockings for want of splendor.

Bub. Pray what's that *Splendor*?

Scatt. Whi'y 'tis the Latin word for a Christmas Candle. *Exit.*

Lyon. O Gentlemen, you love, you honour mee, welcome, wel-
come good Master *Geraldine*, you have taken paines
To accompany an undeserving friend. *Enter Phillis.*

Old Ger. You put us to a needlesse labour sir,
To runne and wind about for circumstance,
When the plaine word, I thanke you, would have serv'd.

Lyo. How now wench, are the females ready yet?
The time comes on upon us, and we runne backward:
We are so untoward in our busines,
We thinke not what we have to doe, nor what we doe.

Phill. I know not sir whether they know what to doe, but I am
sure they have beeene at Church well nean houre, they were
afraid you had got the start of them, which made them make
such haste.

Lyon. Iſt possible, what thinke you Gentlemen?
Are not these wenches forward? is there not vertue in a man
can make yong Virgins leave their beddes so soone?
But is the Widdow gone along with them?

Philiſt.

Greenes Tu Quoque.

Phill. Yes sir, why she was the ring-leader.

Lyo. I thought as much, for she knowes what belong's to't.
Come Gentlemen, me thinkes 'tis sport to see
Young wenches run to church before their husbands : *En. Rash.*
Faith we shall make them blush for this erc night :
A sirra, are you come? why that's well said ;
I marl'd indeed that all things were so quiet,
Which made me thinke th'ad not unwrapt their sheets ;

Enter Servant with a Cloake.

And then were they at Church I hold my life :
Maides thinke it long untill ech be made a wife.

Enter Spend. Sta. Geraldine, Widdow, Gartred, and Joyce.
Hast thou my cloake knave? well said, put it on,
Wee'l after them; let me goe hasten both,
Both the Bridegromes forward, wee'l walke a little
Softly on afore: but see, see, if they be not come
To fetch us now, we come, we come,
Bid them returne, and save themselves this labour.

Rash. Now have I a quartane ague upon me.

Lyonell. Why how now! why come you from Church to kneele
thus publikely, what's the mattter?

Ger. We kneele sir for your blessing.

Lyon. How, my blessing! Master *Geraldine*, is not that your son?

Old Ger. Yes sir, and that, I take it, is your daughter.

Lyo. I suspect knavery, what are you?
Why doe you kneele hand in hand with her?

Sta. For a fatherly blessing too sir.

Lyon. Hoy day! 'tis palpable, I am gull'd, and my sonne *Scatter-good* and *Bubble* fool'd, you are married?

Spend. Yes sir, we are married.

Lyon. More villainy! every thing goes the wrong way.

Spend. We shall goe the right way anon, I hope.

Lyon. Yes marry shall you, you shall cene to the Counter againe,
and that's the right way for you.

Wid. O you are wrong,
The prison that shall hold him are these armes.

Lyo. I do feare that I shall turne stinckard, I do smell such a mattter: you are married then?

Greenes Tu quoque.

Enter Scatter-good and Bubble.

Spend. Ecce signum, here's the wedding Ring t'affirme it.

Lyon. I beleieve the knave has drunke Ipocras,
He is so pleasant.

Scat. God morrow Gentlemen.

Bub. Tu quoque to all: what, shall wee goe to Church?

Come, I long to be about this geare.

Lyo. Do you heare me, will you two go sleep againe? take out the
tother nap, for you are both made Cockelcombes, and so am I.

Scatt. How, Cockes-combes!

Lyo. Yes Cockes-combes.

Scatt. Father, that word Cockes-comb goes against my stomack.

Bub. And against mine, a man might ha digested a Woodcocke
better.

Lyon. You two come now to go to church to be married,
And they two come from Church and are married.

Bub. How, married! I would see that man durst marry her.

Ger. Why sir, what would you doe?

Bub. Why sir I would forbid the banes.

Scat. And so would I.

Lyon. Do you know that youth in Sattin, he's the penner: that be-
longs to that Inck-horne,

Bub. How, let me see, are not you my man Gervase?

Scat. Yes sir.

Enter a Sergeant.

Bub. And have you married her?

Scat. Yes Sir.

Bub. And doe you thinke you have usde me well?

Scat. Yes sir.

Bub. O intolerable rascall! I will presently be made a Justice of
Peace, and have thee whipp'd, go fetch a Constable.

Scat. Come, y'are a flourishing Asse; Sergeant take him to thee, he
has had a long time of his Pageantry.

Lyon. Sirra let him goe, I'le be his baile, for all debts which come
against him.

Scat. Reverend sir, to whom I owe the duty of a sonne,
Which I shall ever pay in my obedienee:
Know that which made him gracious in your eyes,

And

And guilded over his imperfections,
Is wasted and consumed even like ice,
Which by the vehemence of heate dissolves,
And glides to many rivers, so his wealth,
That felt a prodigall hand, hot in expence,
Melted within his gripe, and from his coffers,
Ranne like a violent stremme to other mens,
What was my owne, I catch'd at.

Lyon. Have you your morgage in?

Scat. Yes sir.

Lyon. Stand up, the matter is well amended,
Master *Geraldine*, you give sufferance to this match.

Old Ger. Yes marry doe I sir, for since they love,
I'le not have the crime lie on my head,
To divide man and wife.

Lyon. Why you say well, my blessing fall upon you,

Wid. And upon us that love, sir *Lyonell*.

Lyo. By my troth since thou hast rane the young knave,
God give thee joy of him, and may he prove
A wiser man then his Maister.

Sta. Sergeant, why dost not carry him to prison?

Serg. Sir *Lyonell Rash* will baile him.

Lyo. I baile him knave! wherefore should I baile him?
No, carry him away, I'le relieve no prodigalls.

Bub. Good sir *Lyonell*, I beseech you sir, Gentlemen, I pray make
a purse for me.

Serg. Come sir, come, are you begging?

Bub. Why that does you no harme. *Gervase*, master I should say;
some compassion.

Sta. Sergeants, come backe with him, looke sir, here is
your livery.

If you can put off all your former pride,
And put on this with that humilitie
That you first wore it, I will pay your debts,
Free you of all incumbrances,
And take you againe into my service.

Bub. Tenter-hooke let me go, I wil take his worships offer with-
out wages, rather then come into your clutches againe, a man in

Greenes Tu Quoque.

a blew coate may have some colour for his knavery, in the Counter he can have none.

Lyon. But now M. Scatter-good, what lay you to this?

Scat. Marry I say 'tis scarce honest dealing for any man to conny-catch another mans wife, I protest wee'l not put it up.

Sta. No, which we? *Scatt.* Why Gartred and I.

Sta. Gartred, why shee'l put it up. *Scatt.* Will she?

Ger. I that she will, and so must you. *Scatt.* Must I?

Ger. Yes that you must.

Scatt. Well, if I must, I must; but I protest I would not:

But that I must: *So vale, vale: Et tu quoque.*

Exit.

Lyon. Why that's well said,

Then I perceive we shall wind up all wrong:

Come Gentlemen, and all our other guests:

Let our well temper'd bloods taste *Bacchus* feasts,

But let us know first how these sports delight,

And to these Gentlemen each bid good night.

Rash. Gentles, I hope, that well my labour ends,
All that I did was but to please my friends.

Ger. A kind enamoret I did strive to prove,
But now I leave that, and pursue your love.

Gart. My part I have performed with the rest,
And though I have not, yet I would doe best.

Sta. That I have cheated through the Play, 'tis true,
But yet I hope I have not cheated you.

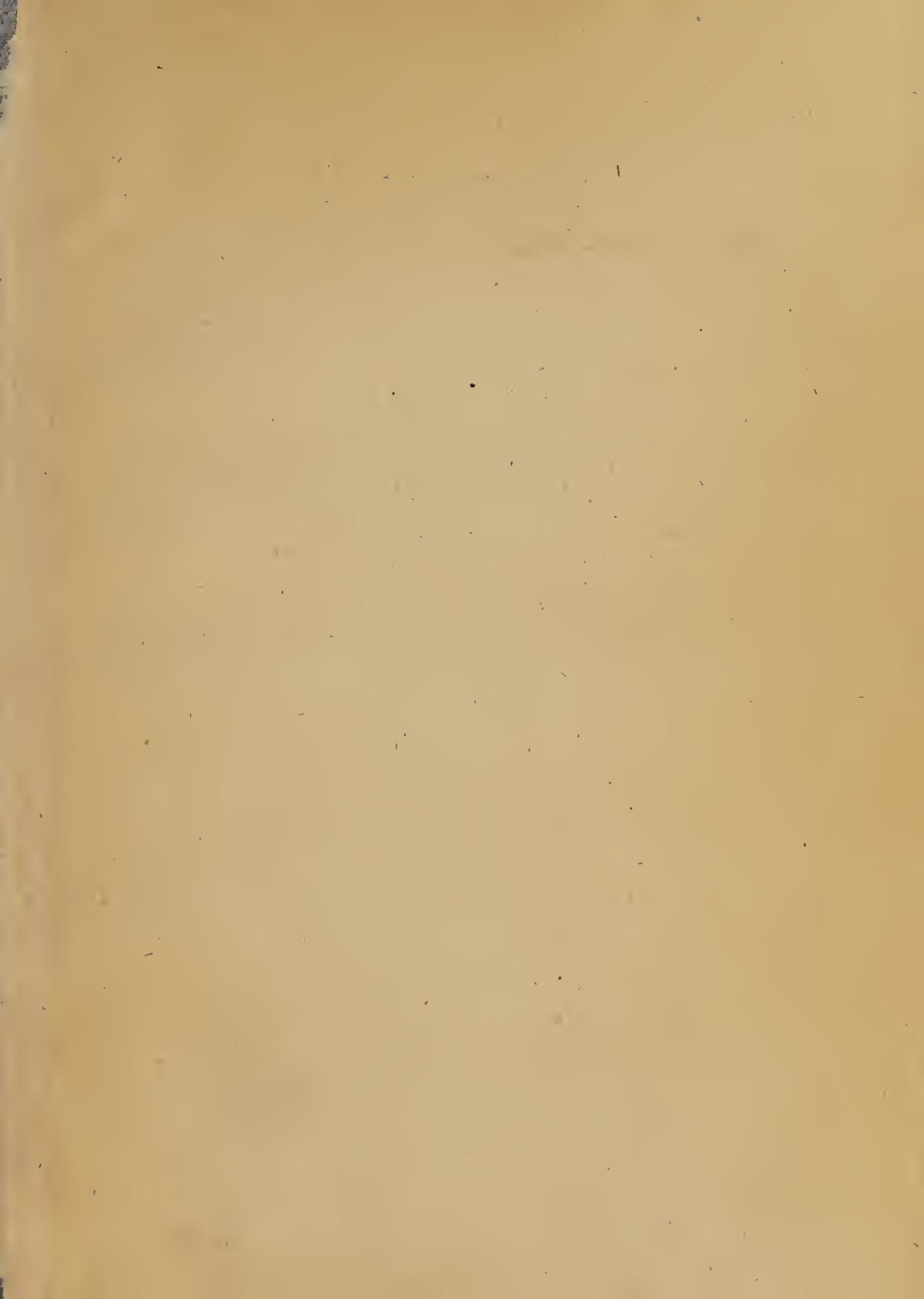
Joyce. If with my clamours I have done you wrong,
Ever hereafter I will hold my tongue.

Spend. If through my riot I have offensive beeene,
Henceforth I'le play the civill Cittizen.

Wid. Faith, all that I say, is, how ere it happe,
Widdowes like Maids sometimes may catch a clappe.

Bub. To mirth and laughter henceforth I'le provoke ye,
If you but please to like of *Greenes tu quoque*.

FINIS.



Rhodes £1. 11. 6.

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